

CAVALCADE

JULY 1ST



THE SANDS OF *death* — PAGE 16

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Cavalcade

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The skull of Ossington rolled about inside the salvaged diving helmet

TOP DOG
MEN'S WEAR

THE BRAND
WITH A PEDIGREE

★ TOP DOG MEN'S & BOY'S WEAR
IS ALWAYS DEPENDABLE



WEALTH AND DANGER UNDERSEA

FRANK CLUNE

I WENT to Broome for the only wild news a writer has for going nowhere—to get a story. I got stories. To paraphrase Banjo Patterson, the pearl diver's life has adventure that the jeweller never knew and you can't sit around Broome for an hour without hearing some truth which, if not stranger than fiction, is a damned sight more interesting.

Chase was still a good name in Broome and our informant passed me on to the next. I got passed in due course to Ted Norman. His full name

is Edgar da Bunch Norman, son of Hugh Norman, pioneer Master Pearlier of Broome.

Ted was born at Gresville, New South Wales, in the year 1891.

In 1910, Ted Norman, then eighteen years of age, arrived in Broome to help his father, who was already pearlizing, and has been his home-town ever since.

Ted Norman wasn't a "versus pearl." He went out with the biggest. He used to make trips to Keppelby in Timor, six hundred miles

away, to recruit crews for the lagers.

In December, 1934, he was returning from Keppel as the skipper "Mike" with thirty-six Kepplers on board. They ran into a north-westerly gale which increased to a hurricane blow. The Kepplers had to be beached below for four days, while the schooner was tossed about by tremendous waves, which washed right over the deck.

The worse hurricane in Bremer's history was in the year 1871, when scores of luggers were wrecked, and over 300 men lost their lives. Another bad one was in 1928, when 230 lives were lost. These hurricanes—also known as "Willy-Willies"—show up very suddenly, during the Monsoon season—from December to March. Nowadays, pearl-fishing is practically abandoned during this season, and the luggers stay in port—but they had to leave from time and expenses.

Ted Norman remained with the pearl-fishing fleet for four years. When World War I First started, he enlisted in the A.I.F., and over four years' service abroad, was wounded in action, and didn't get back to Bremer until 1919.

By this time, there were only 178 luggers at Bremer. Prices of pearl-shell began to \$200 a ton—the all-time high level. This boom didn't last long, and eventually prices fell again to \$100 a ton.

In 1930 there were only fifty-three working boats left in Bremer, employing nine men a boat. They had engines, instead of the old-fashioned sails, and could bring in three times as much shell as the old-fashioned luggers. That was the position when the Second World War started.

Ted Norman's firm had been connected with the pearl-fishing industry for sixty years—eight through Bremer's history. The biggest pearl they ever handled was sold in London for £2,000. The largest pearl ever found in Western Australia was sold in

Bremer for £5,000. It was found in the year 1885. Deepest diving done by Norman's men was forty-five fathoms. Ted told me the story of Jacky Prier's pearl. Jacky was a corner worker in Bremer. For many years he used a pearl-shell as a door-step in his house. One day a friend picked up the door-step and noticed a blister in it. "Why don't you knock that blister out?" asked the friend.

Jacky took the shell to a Cangaroo pearl-cleaner named T. B. Elliot who cleaned the blister, and found it contained a pearl, which was sold for £200.

Captain Bushnell, who is one of the oldest and most interesting citizens of the town, told me the story of a Japanese diver—by name, Gotohara Tezo—who was diving in sulphur bottoms when his pipe-line and helmet got entangled in a coral reef. He tried desperately to free the diver—but in vain—and he perished of suffocation on the sea-bed. That was in August, 1938.

A storm came, and blew the lumper ship. The master returned later, and searched for Gotohara's body, but could not find it.

Seven years went by, and the incident was almost forgotten.

One day, in July, 1935, a Japanese diver was working there, and two divers were together down below. They came across a helmet and a complete suit and boots.

Imagine the two divers standing

three on the sea-floor, peering through

the clear glass of their helmets, and

curiously—as divers do—over

of size.

They decided to salvage this old diver-suit. One of them took up the boots and continued to the surface. Then the other picked up the helmet, and signalled to be hauled up. While he was going up, with the helmet in his arms—they have to come up slowly, to adjust pressure—he passed through the plate-glass pane of the

aircraft helmet, and met the ghastly visage of a skull. It was the skull of Gotohara, rolling about inside.

The diver was so surprised that he let the helmet fall from his grasp, and it sank again to the bottom of the sea. Nothing would persuade him to go down again in that place—or the other, either.

The incident explains why the Japanese divers object to the burial of corpses at sea on the pearl-fishing grounds. In consequence of their protest, the custom grew up that luggers who had to go back to port whenever any member of the crew died at sea.

This might mean anything up to a week's return trip to Bremer, with a corpse on board—but it showed proper respect to the dead—even if it meant a big loss of time, and of because earned an output of the luggers.

Owners can leave against loss, and an amazing story is told against one insurance company. Not long ago an Australian珍珠 lugger was taken

to the pearl-fishing grounds of Tasmania, where it ran ashore in a storm. The owner collected on the insurance and the insurance company proceeded to solve what it could of the wreck. The gasoline engine was still intact and the gear was also in good condition. However, by the time the insurance men came on the scene, the natives of the locality had done a private job of salvaging on behalf of their chief, an native individual who was in the ways of white men as of colored.

After a arbitration had rendered with the chief it transpired that he was willing enough to give up the goods on consideration of being paid what he considered just compensation for the native labor he had supplied.

The salvagers communicated with their principals, who tried to come to terms, but the chief was adamant in his claims. The case became so involved that in the end the insurance company gave up. The chief remains in possession of the goods.



We have two suicides a day



The Anti-Suicide Bureau has prevented hundreds of people from taking their lives.

DURING public holidays and festive seasons most public activities were on a standstill—including suicide. For although suicides take their lives at the rate of two a day throughout the Commonwealth, they do not usually pick the holiday season to end their lives.

This tends to reflect credence in the belief that mental depression is a main cause of people taking their own lives—but more explanation than that is necessary to understand some of the methods suicides adopt.

Of all the various causes of suicide

recorded in Australia none is stronger than this—

A fire brigade was called to a search fire. As the flames died down and the smoke began to clear, firemen saw the body of a woman lying in the scorching undergrowth.

The police, when questioned, examined the body and the area through which the fire had swept. A short distance from the body was a methylated spirits bottle, and there was evidence that the spirit had been poured over the woman before the fire had been lit. In the woman's

mouth were the burnt remains of a man's handkerchief which had long used as a cigarette holder.

About the time the body was discovered, in another suburb a man, accompanied by his family doctor, was at the police station reporting the disappearance of his wife. She had left home at 9 o'clock to take her two children to school, and had not returned. They were still there when news came through of the discovery of the body.

The doctor hurried to the scene and identified the body as that of the missing woman. She had been a patient of his, a sufferer from a nervous condition.

Police inquiries disclosed that about a quarter of a mile from the fire, the deceased woman had purchased from a shop a quart bottle of methylated spirits. At another shop she had bought a box of matches.

The Coroner found that the woman with the intention of taking her life had set fire to her clothes after saturating them with methylated spirits, and that she had stuffed one of her husband's handkerchiefs into her mouth presumably to prevent herself screaming.

She was in good financial circumstances, and without apparent cause for worry, but she suffered from fits of mental depression and had made a previous attempt at suicide by drinking an excess of whisky.

This is one of the strangest cases of suicide recorded in Australia. Why should a woman committing suicide, have used such an elaborate and agonizing method, and either deliberately or accidentally given the appearance of murder?

The suicides' state of mind is not a simple affair. Driven to that last desperate action, the brain becomes crafty and sometimes cruel. There is the desire to hurt. A person contemplating suicide might satisfy this desire by killing himself in a violent manner,

or by bringing his death so as to cause mental or physical suffering to another person.

There have been many cases of suicide which have obviously been intended to look like murder. In other instances, none have been left behind with an element of spite in their "Now you'll be sorry" tone, or hardly enough remorse for the suicide.

Statistics show that the number of people committing suicide in Australia is growing every year. In 1941 376 men and 148 women took their lives. In 1942, there were 352 men and 135 women, and in 1945, the last published figures for the Commonwealth, 365 men and 123 women. Almost half of these suicides have occurred in New South Wales, where there has been a yearly increase from 38 men and 16 women in 1941 to 225 men and 97 women in 1947.

Major Ernest Pentecost, chief executive of the Salvation Army Anti-Suicide Bureau in Sydney, considers that the increase in suicides over the past six years is due to the many causes of war neurosis.

The Anti-Suicide Bureau and Casual Clinic was established twenty years ago when even the early effects of the depression resulted in a large number of suicides. Since then it has been open continually and the Salvation Army believes it has prevented hundreds of people from taking the final step.

Men and women suffering from depression, despair or loneliness have gone to the Clinic for consolation, encouragement and advice. Discussing their problems brings relief—and in most cases, a determination to overcome their difficulties—and that final despair, which as often has tragic consequences, is averted.

Major Pentecost has found that people who openly announce their intention of自杀ing, rarely carry out their threat. One man recently boasted him in his office, waving a

MAKE YOUR PROTEST TO THE UNIPRE!

Whatever they try to nominate
Or someone in any way
Always evokes most troubled times
From those both near and far away—
And yet the record never shows
That anyone recalls or knows
Of demonstrations, words or blows
About nationalising a holiday!
—Wreckage.

little revolver and declaring he was about to shoot himself. He stood in suspense when the Major sat back in his chair and smiled.

"Don't you think I would kill myself?" the man asked.

"No," the Major said quietly. Ten minutes later the man left his office rather shamefacedly, after having admitted he had really had no intention of pulling the trigger.

Anti-Socialists themselves and the police agree that suicides occur in waves or groups. If there are two or three suicides in the city, they are usually followed by several more. During wars, depressions or strikes they must be watched for, but it is difficult to account for groups of suicides in normal times.

When the Sydney Harbour Bridge was first opened, 51 people jumped to their death before the safety fences were built. In one long stretch of popularity for leaping from that spot on the cliff at Watson's Bay, known as The Gap, more than forty people were killed on the rocks.

During holiday and festive periods, there is usually an advance of suicides, but it is noticeable that immediately

following these periods, suicides frequently occur.

More men commit suicide than do women. It is believed that this may be because women have a greater mental stability when faced with disaster than do men.

Domestic or marital problems are the greatest cause for women自杀ing, financial difficulties for men. Men who have been robbing or embezzling their employer's money often take what they consider to be "the easy way out." Others facing bankruptcy, commit suicide that their wives may collect insurance and not share their disgrace.

But many men who have taken out large policies on their lives and then committed suicide, have overlooked the fact that an insurance company is not bound to pay out on a suicide unless the policy has been in operation at least thirteen months.

A natural tendency is considered by insurance companies to be hereditary. To cover this additional risk, people deciding to take out life policies, must pay a slightly increased premium, should either or both of their parents have committed suicide.

Even in a state of mental disturbance, suicide demands courage and many people change their minds at the moment of committing the act. When the police find a man with his throat cut, they are usually able to distinguish suicide from murder by the shallow, hurried cuts on his neck, which they call "suicide marks." These marks are made while the suicide's courage is being gathered for the final stroke.

People who climb bridges or high buildings, are often seen wandering about listlessly before they either jump or relive.

A person who runs into the sea with the intention of drowning, almost invariably comes out again after experiencing the shock of the cold water. Doctors say the sudden plunge

into the water has the same effect on the brain as a "dose" of the shock treatment that is now used for mental disorders. In the same way, most people who suicide are believed to commit their act as they experience the shock of falling through the air, or of a rose slashing their veins.

Few people who attempt suicide unsuccessfully care, try it again. If they do, they are usually committed to a mental asylum. But a charge can be laid against a person making even a first attempt at suicide and a prison sentence may be evoked.

Although gas ovens and nooses are the most used methods of suicide, the police in Australia have had to deal with self-inflicted death by almost every means possible.

Gas and sleeping tablets are used mostly by women, but hanging by rope or braids as employed almost as much as noose-slashes by men. Lethal, which causes a particularly violent and tortuous death, has been swallowed by many people in the last ten years.

One of the quickest-acting and deadliest poisons, cyanide, which holds the lot for suicide by both men and women in European countries, has rarely been used in Australia.

Sufficient cyanide to cause instant death costs only the equivalent of eight cents in Germany and France at the present time, and it can be held in a capsule small enough to fit into the cavity of a tooth. This was the poison which Goering and other high-ranking Nazi officers successfully concealed in their persons and used to take their lives rather than face the hangman. It is believed also that Secret Service Police in almost every country carry cyanide capsules for use in the event of torture being employed to make them talk.

Psychologists say that a number of people commit suicide from a feeling of self-pity, or from a needful

thirst for novelty, and that they breed with satisfaction on the effect their death will have on the community.

But in their unshaken mental state, these people forget that the sympathy and publicity they crave can be of no use to them after death. They may cause sorrow to others by their action, but their wounds will heal, and it is true that dead men are soon forgotten.

It is not unusual for a suicide to decide before taking a fatal leap, and when a pile of clothes, perhaps neatly folded, will be the first indication of suicide—almost certainly a sign of mental derangement at the time of the fatal act. Yet in very few cases is a suicide completely aware. Self-preservation is the strongest natural instinct and it would be a great favor to a great portion of that could override it in the mentally fit.



THREE Hoots FOR THE REFEREE



You may need the referee, but chances are he won't even hear you.

If you happen to be passing Sydney Stadium about 5:15, Monday night, please in your mind and hearten. There is quite a chance that above the roar of the fans inside the auditorium you will hear the same sound of muted harmony.

It will be a section of the blanchardites—known to the fans as "The Barronians"—paying tribute to their favorite villain, the stalwart Joe Wallis. The tune will be "Old Black Joe," but the lyrics is paraphrased so that the opening line is "Poor Old Joe." The plain-faced Wallis never, by word, wove or action, acknowledges the welcome, which is in-

variably accompanied by the traditional stomp of boozing reserved for referees the world over.

In fact, Joe's face has been recognized to register emotion on but three occasions in 38 years since when a French fighter, fortified by the champagne then used to pour over bawlers' heads, rose from his corner to sing "La Marseillaise"; again when a blanchardite bashed the management to turn out the lights because two fighters wanted to be alone—and another voted the suggestion "because he was reading a book"; and the other occasion was the gloomy night when after a bout of sickness, Joe slunked

into the ring to the accompaniment of a storm of cheers led by "The Barronman."

So, perhaps, Joe Wallis is beloved by the fans after all.

"Refereeing is a serious business," said Wallis in the writer's "and from the moment a fight starts, I have to concentrate every faculty on the job. As a result, I am oblivious to every sound not connected with my job—and it may be of interest to those spectators who reader sparring—regarding my conduct of a fight that I really do not hear them comment"—A statement that went straight to the maters who believe that a referee like shylock, bleats when poked. The plain truth is that after 50,000 fights, the contributions of Australia's most famous referee have been blunted.

There is no record that the Australian referee has ever become so grossly involved with a boxer to the extent of flinging himself on the wrong end of a punch, although he has, on occasion, had to accept verbal attack from a disgruntled pupilist.

The documentation of having, as a referee, been knocked out by a boxer belongs, to my knowledge, to only one man, a fellow named Jay Walker who last year tried to separate Mike de Cossio and Launce Boston during a bout at Newark, New Jersey. It was unfortunate for Mr. Walker that he managed to break the ear just as Boston was throwing a wild punch. The blow missed de Cossio and landed knifephone on Mr. Walker's ear.

The bout had just reached its first seconds, and it is a tribute to the fair-mindedness of Walker that on recovering consciousness, he awarded the verdict to Boston.

Most of Australia's best-known referees—Wallis, Harry Monk, Terry Reilly, Connell, Bill York, and Bill Hanberry—were themselves page of map or minor regata, but that does not necessarily mean that the

best fighters make the best referees. Vic Petrich, the newest third man of our establishment, will probably become a good referee, for he has the knowledge and stability that is essential to the business. Moreover, with a more extensive and recent knowledge of the game, he is ready to call a well-acted fight, and to look with the skepticism—a virtue with which all will agree except those who follow the precepts of the Vacant Sede.

One former boxer who failed as a referee was Bob Friesemans, who we once conceptualized as separating Terry McGovern and Dier Sullivan. Early in the bout McGovern attempted one of the jabs that had earned him so many quick victories. Sullivan, with a nest punch in the jaw, sent the champion to the canvas. Friesemans had signaled the count of "nine" when McGovern took to pull himself to his feet by shooting up Sullivan's legs and Fins, instead of breaking the hold or countering the count, pushed Sullivan halfway across the ring.

McGovern recovered to go on and win in the fifteenth round, and Fins received a hostile reception from the crowd. The pay-off came 12 years later when the former heavyweight champion and Sullivan met in a New York cafe. Sullivan had added four more to his girth, and evidently considered himself a match for Fins, for the surmising resentment against the man who, he alleged, had robbed him of the feather title, burst into diatribe. He deposited a bunch of them on Friesemans' chin. The ex-champion responded in kind, and the cafe patrons were provided with fare not mentioned on the menu.

Friesemans never refereed another contest.

It appears to have been Fins' destiny to find himself called up disadvantageously with the advancing profession. During the preliminaries to the promotions of his fight against

EVEN before I was born, Jean Crawford was destined to be my godmother and I was destined to be named after her. Jean had been my mother's closest friend for many years. I suspect my earliest book was in picking such clever persons. If Dali's book's written "Guest in the House," I might never have had the chance to go on stage as a perfectly slick child part at the age of nine, and as to decide I wanted to be an actress and not a ballet dancer. But in my wildest dreams I never imagined that I, Jeanne Marie, or rather down Evans as I am to be known, would ever be performing with Shirley Temple. When Mr. Goldwyn and Celia O'Donnell parted company, my momma took her as the part of Hermoine opposite Shirley. Jean Crawford, who first met my mother when Katherine was a publicity girl at MGM, gave me a party to remember the day. As if I could ever forget.

—From "The Ring," the world's best motion picture magazine.

Shackley, he found himself forced to accept a referee whom his friends thought was well-known. Worse, the referee was a tough honky named Wynter Egan, already the proud owner of ten notices to his gun—one of them indefinitely suspending the license of his own brother-in-law.

With a good deal of betting on the outcome of the match, Red Robert was in a somewhat awkward position. His discomfiture was not lessened when Egan entered the ring weighted down by an object which, to the well-tutored eyes of the spectators, was easily discernible as a six-shooter.

A police captain attempted to depose Egan of the weapon, but Egan pointed out that he possessed a license for the gun, and no law existed to prevent him carrying it into the ring. He informed further that even if such a law did exist, might win right and Egan was Egan. The police captain saw his point.

Obviously, Pitt had to beat the referee too—and didn't; with Shackley wandering glass-eyed around the ring in the eighth round, Robert threw a punch to his opponent's stomach and was disqualified for hitting low.

And, unphased Egan, if any gentleman in the audience was in a mood to dispute the decision, would be kindly step up? No one stepped up.

Although it is no longer considered de rigueur to transport cowards into the boxing arena, the late Hugh D. McLean reserved to arms in order to induce Jack Johnson to enter the ring at the Sydney Stadium in 1906.

The occasion was the meeting of the negro with Tommy Burns for the world's heavyweight championship. Arnaldo had been signed guaranteed Burns \$3,000 and Johnson \$1,000, but with the fight imminent the negro attempted to pick up his guarantee. He was still at the same mind when the preliminaries ended, and McLean—who in addition to promoting the match was to act as referee—invited Johnson's dressing room to persuade him to enter the ring.

The negro was out of the dressing room before you could say Ned Kelly, for McLean's persuader was a pistol directed at Johnson's solar plexus. The incident apparently did not affect Johnson's nerves permanently, for he beat Burns in 14 rounds.

While it is accepted practice that cash customers should declare an open

session oil referee, at least verbally, third men are apt to become touchy when a contestants attempts to make a three-way drawbridge. Two old timers of the early part of this century were Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy, the latter of whom regarded leading lines, as devised by the Marquis of Queensberry, with a good measure of contempt. It was the Kid, in fact, who initiated a gag that has been used in practically every comedy film since Edison invented the Kinetograph.

Matched against a Dutchman named Plaacks, he came out of his corner in the first round, stepped, and pointed to Plaacks's feet.

"Your shoe-leas is wokes," said the Kid, and the simple Dutchman looked down. They carried Plaacks off in a stretcher.

With Ryan no shining knight of the ring, it was anticipated that their final meeting would provide excitement. It ended in a rut. Referee

Malachi Hagen awarded the decision to McCoy, than with howl set with honest sweat and his day's work done, he began to leave the ring. Ryan contributed to his exit by throwing a right to Hagen's neck.

The referee landed among the ring-side, recovered, and returned to resume his honored.

A snort left by Ryan's chair sent him stumbling backwards into the arms of the grizzlies who, interfering bodies, had followed Hagen into the ring. In the terms of popularity, it was anybody's fight, although records indicate McCoy as the winner.

So, you see, a referee's life is not all cheer and skylight. But don't let that thoughts stop you from seeking your way to the classic next time your favorite referee climbs into the ring. After all, you'd be in part of the audience too. But it does mean a pity that he probably won't even hear you.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

Na. 28

THREE thousand men-of-war were our night's toll on the Goodwin, which have taken fifty ships in five years.

MARK PRIESTLEY



THE SANDS OF DEATH

SIX miles off the south-east coast of England lies a stretch of sea that has already taken grim toll of Australian ships, Australian lives and Australian cargoes, the increasingly skittish treacherously changing shoal of death that endangers them all the Goodwin Sands. Alwaft the terrors endemic in the world, the terrors of Dover, that is Goodwin weather. As the strong spring nor'easter blow in from the sea, the tides rush in from Trinity Bay and Kell-

lett Bay, sweeping many a gallant ship towards its graveyard.

The toll of the Sands tends to increase. There was the case of the 136-ton American merchantman *The caught* in a fierce north tide and finally grounded on the sands off Deal. For sixty minutes, while the lifeboat stood by, three Dover rags fought frenetically to free her, pulling iron cables and human weight against the quicksands. They got her off at last, but none too soon. Fifty ships

have been sunk there in five years and for every ship lost a dozen or more have been in desperate trouble. It was just such a tide-rip, local folklore says, that inundated the Goodwin many centuries ago. The ocean swept across a fertile farmland island during a great storm, overwhelmed thousands of acres of pasture and left the meadows as a grim monument three miles wide and ten miles long from north to south.

Every battle on the Goodwin is a fight against time. When a ship of any size runs aground, the tide can sweep away the sand from her bows and stern within twenty-four hours, leaving her hanging on her beam. Then it takes very little buffeting to break her back and she becomes a total loss.

In the particular instance of the *the*, the rags had narrowly freed her when they received radio news of another ship, the French soldier Andre Thome agreed on the outer ridges of the Goodwin, two and a half miles away. There were only two hours of suitable tidal water left as they dashed to her aid in turn. She too was released, but before the rags pulled away she lashed—and was aground again.

Translate this bare story, for a moment into terms of human losses in the lifeboat racing alongside the *Frenchman* in the gale that day was Lifeboater Bill Willis, accustomed to stark reality, turned to the oft-enduring grace of the Goodwin:

"For a few minutes he became the mouse. A sudden lurch of the lifeboat hurled him into the air and flung him backwards down between the lifeboat and the steamer. As he tumbled to the surface, clutching at his life jacket, one of his comrades tried to grab at his outstretched arms, but the lifeboat rolled away. Then the waves swept it back again, and Bill clutched at a fender.

The fingers slipped. Englishmen never

Covell hung over the side of the lifeboat and tried to reach him from the launching rolling boat. Finally he reached Bill Willis, but only by reaching as far out that other lifeboat man had to hold his legs.

He was a human cable—and just at that moment a violent wave swept the lifeboat as close against the *Frenchman*'s side that both Covell and Willis were jolted against the collier's steel plates. Only Willis's lifebelt saved him from being crushed. Covell gamely held on, though he naked a broken neck. Then in by rook he pulled Willis—with his heavy burden of oil-skins, anoraks and lifebelts—safely ashore.

"Blimey!" grappled Willis. "That was a near thing!"

Yet it was nothing, barely an incident, in the mounting Goodwin saga. On the Andro Thome itself had to be hauled in the dark to an anchor in deep water, and was no sooner floated from one ridge than she ground on another. For 25 hours the right went on, while the 2,000-tonner was sometimes swash from shore to shore. Yet they finally dragged her clear.

The Deal lifeboat, similarly, once set out in moonless seas and pitch darkness to rescue the crew of the *Val Salice*. The *Ramsgate* lifeboat had been launched further along the coast and was snatched by the enormous waves at the feet go off. This was during the winter when the Downs were full of shipping without lights and the lifeboat was whirled along at such a speed that "it was difficult to tell where we ended and air began."

Drenched in the skin, harried about like mackerel as they smacked the teeth of the gale on the sandbank—the lifeboat finally saved thirty men from the wreck, after a terrific struggle. At times, says the official report, the lifeboat was thrown up onto the air as high as the mastheads of the wounded vessel.

A BUSINESSMAN who recently launched a radio set in his factory reports that the results are entirely satisfactory. "The point about it," he said, "is not that the radio increases efficiency, but that it provides a distraction and thus prevents competition from decreasing efficiency." Another businessman reports that mechanical music, of one sort or another, has become a background for everyday life. A great many people work better with the wireless blaring all day because they are accustomed to it in their homes.

Then they returned alone only to learn that another ship had been scuttled aground. The second Deal lifeboat was manned with a new crew under the same command; and when they returned, after a successful rescue, they heard of a third ship aground. Though two lifeboats were crippled that night, the Deal lifeboats saved eighty-two lives.

For the records, one of the lifeboats was the Charles Dibdin. When she ended her career, her own back broken at last by the Goodwins, she had saved a grand total of 355 lives from the sixteenth. And men as well as lifeboats pile up similar records in these dangerous waters, so innocent is their call to hazard. Old Tom Head, the overcoat of the Roverside lifeboat, could boast that he had rescued 88 human souls from the Goodwins before he retired. There was the time when the lifeboat was standing by the U.S. steamer Siberia. The seas were so heavy that the lifeboat lost her anchor and had to return to harbour. The crew changed their drenched clothing—and returned to their vigil.

The warning lightships themselves

are not immune from peril. Despite her three-ton manhoist anchor, the South Goodwin lightship was washed away from her moorings and carried down Channel. Another lightship broke adrift in a terrible storm and was beaten for hours by wind and wave before finally driving ashore. Part of the vessel became waterlogged. Three of the crew were washed overboard. Three others, nearly dead with cold and exposure, were in grave danger.

The skipper decided to attempt to carry a lifeline to the ship. During a lull, he got off in a dinghy and was last seen battling with the murderous sea. His frozen body was washed up next morning. Heroes do not always win their globes.

Again, there was the time when the Goodwin Lightship, the Irvin, one night of heavy fog, was rammed by one of the very ships she was trying to protect, and was sunk. Lightships have to be replaced, and bitterly, and six men of Deal were ordered to man a small open boat as an emergency lightship for the night. With eyes and ears straining in the gloom, they remained near the scene of the disaster, whirling a head lantern and clanging their warning bell for dear life whenever a ship came near.

All the ghosts that brood over the Goodwins must have watched their low orders. On those sunblotched thirteen man-o'-war were last in a moon night. On these same sunblots, early in World War II, the first victim was a U-boat which sailed and half-sank, rolled helplessly for several days and then was finally engulfed by the waves.

The lifeboats now as always have the last word in the Goodwin reaches. The winds are liable to shift and change overnight with the prevailing tide. The Serrano Bee itself, in spite of a wider notoriety, is not more deadly. "I would rather cruise

the Serrano by darkest night," an old salt once told me, "than sail around the Goodwins at noonday . . ."

Sometimes, when seas run high, it is possible for vessels to be blown off their courses and still cross the outer fringe of the submerged ridge with complete impunity. At other times, the receding tide leaves level patches of sand rising high and dry, littered with the rusting skeletons of past victims . . . and firm underfoot. Local folk have even played cricket matches there for the sake of the novelty.

But there is sweet humour also in this dark odyssey. This is only the

dark face of danger . . . and the sea fog of mystery. Ships before now have signalled in distress from the Goodwins and from that moment have vanished without trace.

In one instance, the Deal lifeboat went out to a vessel that appeared to be listing on the southernmost shoals. As the lifeboat made its round of rescue, however, the flea died down and no sign of any vessel or wreckage was ever found.

"One cannot be sad to have conquered the ocean until he has conquered the Goodwin," a Trinity House pilot has summed up. "These sunblots are the last real drama . . ."

NECKTIE



They made a row of him one day he single-handedly foiled out a most dangerous public enemy.

JIMMY NICHOLS



Joker with a saw

ALTHOUGH Weble Evans, a carpenter by trade, lived for the first half of his life in a frame house on the edge of the rolling Missouri River and, in the years 1890 to 1895, saw some five thousand wagon trains pass across the nearby ford on their way into the west, he himself was curiously unacquainted by the national scope to the West until he reached the age of forty-three.

Basically a man of peace, Weble was wistfully wishing for the Civil War to come when the final blow fell—but mother-in-law urged to live with him. He put up with that worthy but plain-spoken woman for just two weeks. At the end of that time, he set forth in the direction of Kansas. But those who knew him well were not surprised when wild doctored back that he had bypassed his destination.

wandering past it, somehow, in the dark, and ended up in El Paso, on the Texas border.

Skilled engineer and construction workers were scarce and highly valued on the frontier. With his moral security for the first time assured, Weble received a destructive jinx-like tendency that had his domain for many years.

Weble became a practical joker. It all began the day he accepted a contract from Long John Horn, El Paso's first real estate speculator, to build a dozen new houses—more accurately, shacks—at the north end of town. Weble drew up the plans himself, and as he went to work the next day with hammer and saw, a close observer might have noted a speculative glint in his watery blue eyes.

There was a ready housing market in the stream of merchants, cattle drovers, peddlers, railroad workers and fugitive soldiers who passed daily into the border town, and Long John's houses were snapped up at outrageous prices.

On the eveing of the grand opening, Weble appeared early at the saloon situated the corner from his own lodgings. Through the doorway he could discern a fine view of the new houses, standing hawser and freshly painted, and the night seemed to fill him with merriment. From time to time, he let out a sort of unexplained laughter, or caused his mouth with his hand to hide a creaking grin that he could not control.

"What's merriment?" the bartender asked him curiously, but Weble kept his joke to himself.

At midnight, a pink ribbon was stretched across the road that lead into the new development. Long John, using a silver-mounted pistol, broke with a single shot. There was a whoop, a wild drumming of hoofs and a roar of cheer. The lassoon moved in bag and baggage. Open house was

declared and the celebration lasted as long as the liquor held out—about two hours. Then, one by one, the lights flickered out and El Paso was wrapped in silence—all but Weble Evans, who squatted in the steps of the closed saloon and waited.

It happened about four o'clock in the morning. The town was pelted under a series of grandiose, splintering crashes. Shouts of rage and terror sounded through the darkness. Then a stream of furiously angry men and women poured up the street, headed for Long John's house with a rope in their hands. They flung expletives over their shoulders.

"Roof fall in!"
"Hall down house collapsed!"
"Sale well fall on top of me!"
"West right through the door I did!"

Few sensed the warmed suspense, rolling and writhing on the ground in an ecstasy of pure joy; shouting and weeping with hysterical狂喜. And when the early rays of the sun revealed the now-trust new homes, scattered like matchsticks, Weble wearily waved to tell them.

Reputations travelled slowly in those days, however, and soon Weble had come to rest in the new, booming Wyoming country east of Pinedale. Here, his El Paso success story was repeated all over again. He armed himself by becoming something of a petty queen. No one could ever be sure, when they placed an order with him, just what would be produced. An order for a simple flight of back stairs for a stable might result in a sweeping curved and panel staircase that would have graced a governor's residence. A demand for a new bell steppe on the schoolhouse was filled with an authentic copy of a Turkish minaret that towered thirty feet high and could be seen for twenty miles.

Since Weble was the only skilled carpenter within 200 miles, Pinedale

IS SCIENCE SWINGING THE LEAD, OR WHAT?

Why are inventions so mechanical,
To think of cowpunches and forget a god?
They give us speed and engines, soulless things,
They make match-savers, carbons without warmth,
New kinds of plowing, thinner, stronger rods.
Sleekie discs, and even floating soap;
But while weeped up in some new damp (soot) tissue
They seemingly avoid a mother issue,
Neglect to plan for one pre-human need:
By far more urgent than their greatest deed:
If at their side they are an average bant.
Let them at once take time out to invent
Something that will keep out the cold, and yet
Do the same job for a girl in winter that a
Swamster does in the summer!

—MacLeop.

had brick shingles, and in May, 1948, he received a contract to build a new courthouse.

Waldo was still poring away at the footlong trenches in June when, as it happened, younger Jed Stevens, then sheriff of Wyoming county, captured and brought in for trial the treacherous highway bandit Frank Crawford and two members of his gang. Podville posse had been chasing Crawford for nearly four years and the population was anxious to see a good hanging trial proceed at once. Justice was stymied, however, by the fact that Waldo had torn down the old courthouse in order to get wood for the new one and the new one was not quite finished. But Waldo waved his hammer at Jed reassuringly.

"Go right ahead and try 'em," he said. "By the time you get to the sentence, the courthouse will be finished."

For three days, the trial went on, both defense and prosecuting attorney

lost in the ear-splitting screech of the saw. As the jury died out, the judge asked Waldo anxiously, "Barn'll be done in time? They won't stay out long, y'haw?"

"Barn'll be tight as a drum," Waldo promised and went back to work in a furious burst of speed. As the man and woman within artlessly awaiting the verdict, no one noticed that it was growing darker and darker in the new courtroom. Just as a door swung open, and the jury filed back in, Waldo's voice was heard outside shouting, "Here goes 'er last glock!"

A series of harmonic blues sang out. The dimmed room fell suddenly into total eclipse, a woman screamed and was heard to fall heavily to the floor. Then Waldo's hearty gaffaws could be heard outside reverting to a crescendo of hysterics and the transports of the courtiers realized for the first time that the mad carpenter had built the room without doors or windows and nailed them up in it.

Waldo did not mind — the neck from the courthouse flagpole. Mythe opinion in general, divided heavily in his favor the day that Crawford, who had been duly convicted despite the difficulties, escaped from jail.

It was set a well-arranged fight. He merely lowered down the jailor, cracked up the corridor, and up the street.

Waldo putting the finishing touches on the flooring of a new penitentiary house designed for the street and purpose new vector took in the situation at a glance. "This way," he called to the bandit.

One moment the condemned saw that, the carpenter and the high-waggon, standing together. The next, they didn't. Waldo had ruled the fugitive into making a premature trial of his latest joke—a trapdoor.

For the space of ten days, he was fated. All his sins were forgiven. The Mayor George Kibbe and Mrs. Kibbe, in a burst of civic generosity, called him in to fit windows into the town mansion.

One day the mayor, his wife and family awoke to find unfriendly shadows across the sunlight in their rooms. The carpenter was gone, but he had left a note:

"Don't have no lead," he wrote. "Don't have no alibi. Hope this substitution is satisfactory." And across every window at the house was nailed a set of iron pantyhose bars.

As the east-bound express picked up speed that morning, the mayor mused that the rising roles of the whole world evoked associations of wild, hysterical laughter.



the poet's pet

LOBSTER

The crustaceous companion his left hand
finds a short cut to the frantic asylum



WALKER HENRY

MOST years of the last century
seemed to make a hobby of
madness—it paid—but it brought ins-
anity to a fine art.

By the time Peru had finished with
Gérard de Nerval, a new chapter had
been written into the history of the
muttering eccentric.

He made his first bow in Weber's
Cafe au le Roi Roysé.

"But indeed!" declared Jean-Marie,
that winter, seeing the present man
who walked in. "But incredibly hu-
man!"

The young man brushed back a
shock of look hair from his forehead

and ceased to tug at the lobster he
was leading attached to a long strand
of pale-blue ribbon.

"You find me queer?" he inquired
with a large of impertinence.

"Ah, but no, rather, but no!" Jean-
Marie hastened hypocritically to re-
assure him. "I do let speak for myself
alone."

"Then that makes well," replied the
young man, condescending to be pacified.
"For an unexpressible moment I was
giving myself to think that perhaps
you were resenting my companion
here."

Ignoring the markedly distrustful

looks of Jean-Marie, the young
man escorted his lobster to a table.
And for the rest of that night,
Gérard de Nerval, who called himself
"The Poet of Paris, and besides his
poetry, exhibits ornithology."

Somewhere towards dawn he arose
suddenly and lifted the dying lobster
from its chair.

"The Morning Star is rising, as the
gold," he announced to the sleepy but
still attentive Jean-Marie. "It calls
as my friend and me to glide up
here."

Stripping out of the almost deserted
robe, he set the lobster carefully
upon a lamp-post on the balcony
and having stripped himself of all
his clothes, stood naked—nearer-naked—in
the half-light to sing a hymn of his
own composition.

"It is a music which comes to me
from higher spheres," he mused the
settled night-watchman who had
strolled to escort him.

"That is as it may be," the night-
watchman muttered without any ex-
pression, conviction and marched home,
still singing, in a police station.

There the dinner gourmets were
diligently assembled to settle Gérard
de Nerval on a couch and place a double
guard on the door.

What happened to the lobster has
not been recorded but the next day
Gérard de Nerval paid his first visit
to a lunatic asylum.

Before he was finished with life,
he had another four visits to pay
one, at least of them in a straight-
jacket.

It all began on May 22, 1852, when a
French Army doctor was dispatched
to discover that he had become a
fitter.

Gazing at his gauging Doctor de
Nerval seems to have decided with
some degree of real justification that
any man who had chosen to follow the
Emperor Napoleon could have very
little extra time left to waste on
family responsibilities.

He waited just long enough for his
son to be christened Gérard and ex-
tended to the care of an uncle who
had sacrificed military glory for the
less prudish pleasure of possessing a
small farm in the provinces. Then he
promptly proceeded to what his
wife away on another of Napoleon's
momentary campaigns.

When, soon afterwards, Madame de
Nerval—who man finally have some
to the understandable conclusion that enough
is better than two gods—ex-
pired worn-out in the snowfield Silene
her husband grudgingly accepted a
haven-over opportunity for forgetting
that such monstrosities as offspring
even existed in his life. He appears to
have entirely abandoned his child.

At all events, Gérard was allowed to
grow up on his uncle's farm un-
troubled by parents. And he was
still roaming about the fields when
a young lad not yet out of his teens,
when he met the girl who is known
as Adrienne.

Who this Adrienne was, how she
looked and what she did have all
been lost. Probably she was just
another farm-girl. But, though there
is no indication that he ever went
beyond the first innocent floundings
of self-love, Gérard de Nerval made
her his great passion.

He talked of her, wrote of her,
sang of her and he always remem-
bered her. Even when, in his
early twenties, he arrived in Paris
she was the one he spoke of most.

In Paris, Gérard de Nerval set out
to be a poet and, in the way of poets,
it was not long before he landed up
with a third-rate actress whose name
was Jenny Colon.

Jenny was no different from any
other little eccentric around Mont-
martre—except, perhaps, that her face
was a trifle prettier than usual and
her morals a trifle worse—but de
Nerval found in her all that he had
left behind with Adrienne.

To de Nerval, Jenny was Adrienne

THE gitter-box was invented by the famous author, Anthony Trollope, the novelist, in his spare time. He had no opportunity of further invention, for he wrote 2,000 words daily before breakfast for the regular rate of 250 words per 15 minutes, worked as a full-time Post Office official, and hunted during the week-end. He took his civil service career so seriously that he resigned when the post of Under Secretary was given to another. He died of apoplexy brought on by his overwork while reading *Vive Venus*.

and he lived with her the life he had imagined living with Adrienne.

Jenny had no objections. She enjoyed being loved by a god; she was flattered to be written into the pages of his books as Sybille and Amélie and Jean—each an Adrienne. But she was also a realist. She lived quite happily with de Nerval until one day the stricken amateur writer with more money and, possibly, more sense. Then, when de Nerval was thirty-four, she married the other man.

It was the beginning of the end for de Nerval. Less than a year after her marriage, he was walking through the streets of Paris. It was about midnight. Suddenly he halted abruptly beneath a gas-light and moved warily at the number-plate of a house. The number was 36.

He must somehow shattered the quiet of the street. While the terrified passerby tried to calm him, he pointed, falteringly, towards the house and begged them to drive away the horrible figure he swore was standing behind the numberplate.

It was, he shrieked, Jenny Coles, wrapped in a shroud and staring at him from her shadowed inn.

"She stands beside the number of my age," he stammered. "It means her death or mine!"

By some grotesque quirk of circumstance, Jenny Coles did die a few weeks later. The night after her death, the poet entered the safe, tugging the lobster at the end of a long strand of pale-blue ribbon. The same night he was in a cell.

"The Rue tells me to the East," he repeated when they freed him after his first visit to the Bastille asylum. He boarded a ship and went there.

He arrived in Cairo in 1855. The East of those days deserved even fewer of the Ten Commandments than the East of today.

"I can not be the exception," announced de Nerval after having inspected the unconventional domestic arrangements of the other Europeans. He took himself off to the slave-market.

In the cage was an Abyssinian woman who answered when they called for Zeynab.

De Nerval bought her for a few francs and took her home. "It is a man's obligation to take a wife," he told his friends.

Zeynab's ideas of family life were, to say the least, original. In the fashion of her people, she ate raw meat whenever she had the opportunity and she hung a garland of raw onions along the bread of her "husbands" bed.

She also began to beat him frequently. Embarrassed neighbours reported that de Nerval gave every evidence of enjoying the beatings.

Apparently, however, even the joys of constant whipping can pall and after a time de Nerval found himself hankering for the delights of Paris. Dispatching Zeynab to an acquaintance at a cut price, he returned to France.

The reappearance in Montmartre was spectacular. He pitched a tent in the

middle of his sitting-room and received his visitors on the understanding that he was an explorer travelling through the width of the African jungle. When he warned all would be explorer, he insisted that he was an African native—which, if anything, made the situation even more disconcerting for his friends. While living in the tent, he kept in touch with civilization by helping the German prisoner Helme to translate his poems into French.

Naturally, with these discussions, de Nerval was periodically in and out of the Bastille asylum.

Under the circumstances, it is obvious that, as time went on, the poet should find bedding-bins keeper increasingly enough to accommodate him. He was very often homeless. But wherever he chose to lie, he carried pen, ink and paper and wrote his poems. Even when he had descended to the dog-house, he would ruffly eat each morning and suffer the waters of the parchment cakes to

choose the sleeping cans from the billiard room. Then he would write his poems on the cloth.

"Ciccone" he called offhandedly one evening. "There are three wood-lots in my hour."

"But stay!" he added before the visitor could remove the glass. "A man who has lived in the East cannot be impressed by such details. Perhaps I could live wood-less. I will drink tea, but next time serve them separately, if you please!"

He must have been in much the same mood when, between six and seven o'clock in the morning of January 29, 1855, he cracked his last joke.

Down was broken when the clangor of a army trumpet in the Rue de la Vieille-Lanterne found Gérard de Nerval swinging from the third basement-end of the staircase. He had strangled himself with the strings from an apron. His top-hat was still fixed securely to his hand.

All he had left behind him were some pages of very good verse.



It started this way



1860 and still going strong. What are we saying? It must be the association of ideas! The name is Johnny Walker, but the date is 1861, and the subject—matches. The name may be synonymous with whisky, but the Johnny Walker, an Englishman, invented the first practical safety match. The original match was already nearly 200 years old, for, in 1881, Robert Boyle had dipped a straw of wood treated with sulphur in a mixture of phosphorous, but his product took fire too easily to be of practical use.

A limerick is a five-line verse with rhymes and no reason. Why should it be named after a town in Ireland? The answer is in the association of the song, "Will you come up to Limerick?" Limericks are often used in competitive advertising, a product or service, the first free free being provided, the fifth one remaining blank, to be supplied by the competitor. Edward Lear, the British artist and author, popularized the limerick with his publications contained in *The Book of Nonsense* published in 1846.



The term "horse power" was in use before mechanization, and at first sight there appears to be no connection between a 1949 car and a harness, think of horse-power and you have the link. The term was first used to represent the power of a brewer's dry horse, and it has been retained because it expresses the abstract word "power" in concrete form. In terms of weight, distance, and time, one-horse-power represents the ability to lift 33,000 lb. one foot in one minute. A 1,000 horsepower engine can produce 33,000,000 ft. lb. of work per minute.



To dress or not to dress

When professional models vie for the title, "Queen of Photo Fairs," the competition is keen. They're an eye-catching variety of beldroses with which to enhance the natural charms and exterior beauty as well as beauty in seeking the right choice. But with the best to hand that contains, sulfide and camomile sun capture, this blond beauty chooses a French sun-suit styled in royal blue and white. She gets the effect she likes.



The prize goes to the best model; she must show taste as well as form, and this young lady is making a good job of both!



The newest expense of bare pell may not be as important as the striking quality of the final effect. There's nothing wrong with this, is there?



Bride or bridegroom could protect financial interests by agreeing to a clause-in-matrimony

FRANK A. KING

Striptease at the wedding

IT was a day in Birmingham, 1866. The townspeople, who had gathered to witness the wedding of their woman of property to a recently arrived-well were not destined for disappointment—despite the fact that the bride stepped from her carriage dressed in a large white sheet instead of the wedding gown they had hoped to see.

For the drama of this event was not in the arrival of the bridal party, but at the moment when the priest emerged from the vestry, and the bride, stepping from her sheet, stood completely naked for the ceremony.

Faced with the alternative of off-

coming and thereby exciting the wrath of the neighborhood, or in refusing—and possibly losing the support of his wealthy bridegroom—the vicarage referred to his book for information relative to dress at nuptial ceremonies, and finding no reference—consulted with the marriage.

The bridegroom's creditors heard of the incident with regret, for, according to an old belief, if a woman should marry a man in distressed circumstances, none of his creditors could touch her property providing she was in poor circumstances while the ceremony was performed.

Through the case aroused enough stir

to be reported in *John's Birmingham Gazette* at the time. It was not unusual in the eighteenth, and even the early nineteenth, century for a marriage to be performed on church or with the bride in a white sheet. In this case the husband was not liable to pay the amounts his bride had contracted before the union.

The earliest reference to this strange custom is probably the incident recorded in the parish register of All Saints' Church at the English village of Chiseldon in Wiltshire, where the entry states:

"John Bridgeman and Anna Schoedow were married October 12th, 1584. The deceased Anna Schoedow was married in her smock without any clothes or headgear on."

On 25th June, 1722, another English couple, George Walker, a lace weaver, and Mary Gee, of the George and Dragon Tavern at Grafton Green, were married at the nearest church nearby. The bride was dressed only in her shift.

The following entry in *Birmingham Mercury* dated 12th March, 1771, concerns the same locality and states:

"On Thursday last, was married at Ashton-under-Lyne, Nathaniel Eller to the widow Rabbett, both upwards of fifty years of age, the widow had only her shift on, with her hair bedecked with horse-hair in a plait to save them both from any obligation of paying her forever husband's debts."

One year declined to marry a couple on account of the woman presenting herself in her undergarments.

The following entry comes from a periodical called "The Atheneum" and shows how the custom continued in England into the nineteenth century, and there is also a tradition that there was a "shift wedding" in Lancashire between 1738 and 1746 when a woman was married enveloped in a sheet.

"Nov 1746 At Otley, Yorkshire, Mr

George Rosewick, of Hawksworth aged 21, to Mrs Nolman, of Berlin Headland, aged 40, in compliance with the vulgar notion that a wife being married in a state of nudity exonerated her husband from legal obligations to discharge any demands on her person, the bride dressed herself in the sheet, and stood羞羞答答 in her chamber while the marriage ceremony was performed."

In Melville's "American Notes" a slightly different form of ceremony is described. The author states that "a brewer's servant, in February, 1772, to prevent his liability to the payment of the debts of a Miss Britain, where he intended to marry, the lady made her appearance at the door of St Clement Danes habited in her shift; hence her monogramm conveyed the indenture to a neighbouring specie-cessor's where she was completely equipped with clothing purchased by her, and in these Mrs Britain changed her name in church."

In all the above accounts it will be noted that the shame-mariages were conducted for the protection of the pocket of the bride or bridegroom. The Annual Register of 1776 contains an account of another wedding of the nature:

"A few days ago, a handsome, well-dressed young woman went to a church in Whitkirk, to be married to a man, who was attending there with a shagreen. When she had advanced a little into the church, a nymph, her boudoirmaid, began to undress her, and by degrees strip her to her shift, thus she was led, blooming and upbraided, to the alter where the marriage ceremony was performed. It seems that this shift wedding ceremony was occasioned by an embroilment in the affairs of the intended husband, upon which account the girl was advised to do this, that he might be estaled to no other marriage portion than her smock."



WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF **THE DEVIL**

We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.

Herbert. *The Temple, The Church, Etc.*
Better sit still, then rise to meet the devil.
Dryden. *The Gull.*

Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil.
Byron. *Hours of Idleness. To Eliza.*
Every mordant cup is unbent, and the ingredient a devil.
Shakespeare. *Othello, Act II., Sc. III.*

What we all love is good touched up with evil—
Belshazzar's self must have a spice of devil.
A. H. Clough. *Dipuycha (Spirit) Sc. III.*

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by.
Herbert. *Jacula Prudentia.*

A right woman—either love like an angel,
Or hate like a devil—in extremes to devil.
Unknown. *The Rare Triumph of Love and Fortune. Act I.*

Better the devil's than a woman's curse.
Massinger. *The Parliament of Love.*

God sends us meat, the devil sends us poison.
Randolph. *Play for Honesty.*

When to sin our blissof nature leaves,
The careful devil is still at hand with meat.
Dryden. *Abelion and Achitophel.*

He must needs get whom the devil doth drive.
J. Heywood. *Proverbs. Bk. II.*

★ Hazel Court—J. Arthur Rank player



Reprise



ANYBODY in N.S.W. who knew Joseph Bonelli in the first weeks of September, 1859, was not sufficiently interested to care what became of him. He belonged neither to the class of suspected clients nor to that of notorious criminals; even his life was being handled with despatch by disinterested magistrates every day. Yet by September 28 he was the talk of tea parties, interchanges of shop and prison news. He was the man who cheered death.

On the morning of September 28 he was restfully considering the crime for which he awaited hearing at the Criminal Session Court.

He had been clipping a shrub and, happening to glance through a window, had observed Miss Mary Breen get some money in her desk. Joseph wasn't very flush with money, and even if he had been he couldn't have resisted the provoking situation. But, unfortunately, he had been detected and here he was feeling decidedly sorry for himself! He heard his sentence uttered tauntingly, and faced in it little cause for hope. He was to die in eight days.

Now, Joseph had a wife and Molly Bonelli was not the type to lose her husband easily. To farewell her beloved family in England and undertake the long voyage to be with Joseph had required tremendous courage. But neither her love nor her courage could delay the dawn of

a day—September 26 arrived and Joseph Bonelli was led to the gallows.

Tears blinded Molly as the noose was placed over Joseph's head, and, lost in her grief, when the rope snapped she was conscious only of the resulting quickened interest of the spectators. She somehow realized that Joseph was lying crumpled on the ground and that they were awaiting his return to consciousness before once more slipping the dreaded noose about his neck. When the rope broke a second time Molly felt hope that even now her husband might cheat death. Joseph's wan face showed no emotion, and when the rope broke the third time it was the hangman who betrayed agitation.

Before another attempt could be made, the Provost-Marshall, Mr. Smith—a man known for his compassion for prisoners—had ordered that the hanging be postponed.

Then the grape-vine began to work. The man who couldn't be hanged because first interred in the town. It was known that the Provost Marshall had called on the Governor, and that the Crown was considering reprieve in view of the unusual circumstances.

Reprieve was reprieved, and for a while was passed out as hot news. But in due course his case became merely a note in the colony's records of a first chapter of history.





The grand cure

When it came to saving the "pure cold thing," Clancy could rise above his immemorial instincts.

DINNY MURPHY's white-faced nose had been blemished; it wheezed like an asthmatic crocodile and bulleted like a fog-horn with lacrymogen.

"It's somethin' ye should be doin' about it!" Bridget reproved. From her seat on the edge of the verandah she cast a reproachful eye back at Danvy.

Her spouse did not reply; he was absorbed in scratching the itch on his shoulder against the door post.

"It fair tears me heart out to hear her," confided Bridget in a hair-raised attempt to gain Murphy to unwanted action.

"A'er what the devil 'ad I be doin' for it?" he demanded to know.



"An' what 'ad ye be doin' for a cold of yer own," she retorted.

At her daughter's words Sarah Shanassy slumped in the old rocking chair at the end of the verandah. Apparently blissful before, her tongue now slid between her toothless gums to lick her shrunken lips; they quivered with an audible click and lit a speculative gleam in Danvy's lecherous eyes.

A grand old lady was Sarah, for sure one of those hard old pieces

who had opened up Shanassy's Creek to civilization.

Danvy sighed magnificently, it was clear he was that Sarah had outlived her usefulness and it was working for a living he'd have to be. For the indulgence of the stoopkeepers was wearing thin and it was cash on the nail that they were asking these days.

"A terrible lot of mistakes if it'll be saidin', an' don't a drop in the house," he snarled pectorally, adding needlessly, "our money to buy it."

The speculative gleam now reflected in Bridget's eye, for the parlor served her best. She looked at Denny. His eyes met hers, and those thoughts were plain as the day. In your eye, as Bridget was wont to say in an exclamation of pleasure, with Martha O'Helly over the belated return of a borrowed wash tub after the Saturday night ordered.

Sudden like a lightning bolt, Denny's reverent form, he leaped to his feet like the devil from peril and screened his eyes to look like a heron at the horrors. "Get to the pup or I'll have some French to the spring out."

Already Bridget was up her feet, waddling gracefully across the veranda as light and airy as the Rose of Killarney, the last new even thus wallowing in the mire of the week with tattered Victoria, so low, sprawling and agonizing around her breast to ravish her for her milk. Sarah's thin arms flung her blouse in an outcry of a coming cry.

"Poo-oh! Pia, pia, pia!" Mick's rasping voice caged the air to the accompaniment of a stick cracked in a heronry tin.

"How many?" asked Mick as his parents came to the yard.

"Four," Sarah croaked distastefully from the veranda.

Bridget looked at Denny. Denny stretched his hands, two he had thought, but two pockets would not buy such machine, 'twas a time for sacrifice; why spend a shilling for a measure of gruel and buy a coffin with the savings?

"Four," he agreed.

With Mick he heaved two porters into the cart, then dashed into the grunting mob for two more but, as he moved, Irish Fether, suspecting that his last moment as pup and his first as perch had arrived, charged straight into Bridget's voluminous black skirt.

With a cry of alarm, Bridget pitched face downwards over the pup's back, her plump hands clenching frantically at his flanks like a nut up a pole with a dog snags at its tail and with the closure of her short, like a hangman's lead, over the pup's head.

The Fether pug-nosed and barked, charging around the yard and aquiring all of the butcher's knills were already caressing his throat, while the two gris held heads, blubbering their fear and yearning. Derrin Alapias dashed his excitement and waved his hand wildly in the sun.

"Safe him, mass stuck to him," he yelled in small falsetto.

Strattoning out of a whirl, the bear charged blindly forward. He crashed into the kererosin tin, still in a short zig, then swerved on a pivot point. The ornate costume was too much for Bridget; she extricated herself and called to the dust, while Irish Fether, grunting and aquiring his indignation, need for the safety of the scrub.

"We done! Look at me biggest black dress!" Bridget wailed shrilly as she spat the dirt from her mouth.

"Arrah, woman! Be as nice as be avaryon' about a speck o' dust," Denny admonished her, with unmercenary vigor; he stopped the bemuddled garment with the flat of his hand. "Be on an errand of mercy we are."

"It is that," she agreed lugubriously.

Once in the seat beside Denny, however, the hurt in her pride and the injury to her person were numbed by the sight of the old yellow horse plodding along between the shafts. The Prince of Orange he was, no less, and him a beast of burden at the mercy of the Murphy whip. And that responded her.

"The Harry we must, or it's we late well be," she reminded Denny. Her husband needed no second

strengthening. Twas himself as knew, never better, that Flanagan, the butcher, would not be opening his shop just to elope Denny Murphy, and it was as madmen he'd be getting from Clancy for love or credit.

"Fifteen bob apiece," declared Flanagan with frankly, after inspecting the load of prospective pork.

Denny snorted into his beard. It was a nasty, unglorious nature had Flanagan; he thought the last two words were "dirty scapless", his hem-like flats clasped tightly and Denny edged nervously towards the single cover of the wife of his bones. She disliked at her eyes with a handkerchief.

"Out of the goodness of yer heart, Mother Flanagan," she pleaded. "I'm not fit for marriage, well be won't fit it; it's for one poor old—A body-nickless job shaded off her womb, and Flanagan shuffled unconfidently on his feet. With a tremendous effort at self-control, Denny confided trustfully, "We dyin' she is."

"Well, well, now, it's sorry I see to be human' that!" Flanagan unshouldered a soft-heated raw meat Flanagan, though he did drove a hard bargain in the way of business. "A grand cold lady she been, too. Well now, I'll make it a pound a piece."

At the hotel it was Flanagan himself who heavily whispered the sad news to Clancy, for it was overcome with them and that the couple were.

About that time O'Helly stopped by, then Madigan then Flanagan, and then Holligan, and each in turn offered his condolences, but it was not so much the words that were spoken, as the spirit that inspired them, that supported the grieving couple with cheerful and salutary until late that night when Mick rode in to fetch them home.

The publican shook his head sadly, but as the dolorful assembly prepared to depart he nose above his

memorative instincts and placed two bottles of the best Irish whisky in the spring out, and not one penny price would he take against the price of them.

"To the least I could be done," but "to the best conditions I could be offered," he told them, waving aside their perturbed thanks. "There's none can be soon' when troubles afflict them that Clancy was backward in givin' them a helpful hand along the downward path. It's a grand cold lady she was."

When they arrived at the house, Sarah and the children were fast asleep, as they sent Mick to bed, too. There was work to be done whatever befall, and only him to do it, but themselves they would not spare the needs and, relief of the suffering creature must come first.

After a lot of trouble they prepared the poor beast to eat a hot bacon-mash well spiced with half a bottle of Clancy's medicine, then they set themselves down on the ground beside her and, until Irish Fether ate a back-const, swayed the rocks occasionally fortifying their spirits and their strength with liberal dosages of the medicine. It was there that Mick found them in the morning—asleep, but cold, stiff, and aching.

"Is the cow better?" he asked, as he helped them towards the house.

Bridget savored a reply, but her thick, wheezy whisper could not be heard; the shift of the night had given her laryngitis, but, although the frost of the dawn had closed her bronchial tubes, Denny managed to croak hoarsely. "Wer abus' mi' it. 'Tis a grand cure for a cold."

In the light of the morning sun, the white face of the cow was various and rams, but in a deep, even, bass note it bellowed a whole-hearted appraisal of Denny's sentiments. "Moo-hoo-hoo-hoo."

HIGH DIVE TO Oblivion



The police left the salving in the nose from the west, but failed him to the northeast.

JOHN D. MACDONALD

I worked in a bank, in one of those jobs where you've got to lead a close life or they won't take a chance on you. He was smart enough to know that I had his schedule figured out pretty well. I worked on it long enough. I gave up my job to work as a, and now that it's over, I think I'll go back to that little east-west town that I came from—that Clara came from.

On that last day I followed him a lot closer. I knew that I had been so careful that he wouldn't know me from a hole in the wall. I sat opposite

him on the express that he took every weekend day off. I sat across from him and looked at his wide pale face, at the black curling hair or the backs of his hands and the backs of his fingers. He sat, looking sleepily at the same cluttered slant, the damp air rushing in the windows. I looked at him and I had it all planned and I wondered what sort of song and dance he had given Clara—what he had told her to make her fall for him. And I wondered what he had told his wife during those sessions when he had gone to Clara instead of her.



The man rolled along and I knew that in seven minutes I would do it. I would do it when he changed trains. It would be easy. Just as easy as what he did to Clara. I looked at his square wrists. He had the strength to hit it if his eyes were sleepy. He wouldn't have looked sleepy if he'd known what was going to happen in seven minutes. He wouldn't have looked the least bit sleepy. Since people crowded on, blocking off my view of him, and I had a chance to think of Clara.

Funny that I had to think of her after it was too late—for us. I mean

The same small town. She was also with wide eyes set far apart and a constant look of anticipation, as though she knew and understood that he was going to bring her everything that is fine and good.

Maybe it would have, if it hadn't been for the man with the wide pale face and the sleepy eyes.

I should have made it more definite with Clara. I could have married her before I went in the service, but I was infantry and I didn't expect to get through it all I did, however, and when I got back home she was gone.

"I CAN'T even complete an expensive sketch without long, out-lenguar to write something as it," said Bernard Shaw in an interview. "There was no wall available excepting an whitewashed walls rather than not at all. It is part of the born writer's modus operandi." When asked, "Is any of your plays your personal favourite?" he snapped, "No, of course not. My plays are not meushees. I have no time to bathe with them after they're finished and lauched." He was later asked why his early novels were not as successful as his later plays had been. "How do you know that my novels have been less successful?" Shaw demanded. "My plays remain unacted for years at a stretch, but people go on buying my novels, and perhaps even reading them."

In the city, they said. Okay, so she was in the city and I had a bad case of nerves and I went to Sydney running to look her up, to find her and everything would be fine again. But somehow I never did. She was working as a stenographer, they said. In a bank.

By the time I got myself straightened out, and had gotten sick of thinking of her a lot and even dreaming about her, I went to the bank.

"I'm sorry, sir, but Miss Ackerman left here about two months ago. No, we don't know where she's working now. Yes, I can give you the home address she had when she left us."

One of those houses roofing houses with a community kitchen on each floor and a general air of dust and disorder.

"No, there isn't no Miss Ackerman here, but yeah, but she left here, eh, at least been here two months ago. No, as forwarding address."

The teller was gone, so three weeks later, I phoned the home town and asked her mother and got an awful of tactless because Clara had written her every other day and she had been answering letters care of General Delivery and then two weeks before, the letters had stopped. They had stopped on the tenth of June. That is, according to her belief, she should have written on the tenth. The last letter she wrote on the eighth.

It bothered me. I knew that Clara wasn't the sort to stop writing her mother unless she had to. It didn't look right.

It worried me so much that I couldn't do right by the job. I kept staring at the office wall and wondering what had happened to Clara and how I could find out.

A few days later I went to the Police Headquarters and started asking questions, telling them that a gal friend, Alice Williams, had come to town and was supposed to meet me on the ninth of June and the never made it and I was worried about her. I gave a general description that could have fitted Clara.

I talked to several guys and then they ushered me in an Inspector Wolfe in a small office loaded with files on the third floor.

"Why'd come you took so long coming around, Mr. Devine?"

"Well, I thought I was just getting the brushoff, and then I began to worry about maybe she had been run over or something and didn't have any identification. So I thought I better come around."

"When was the last time you knew this Miss Williams was okay?"

"On the eighth, I phoned her."

"That restricts it a little." He dug around in the files and came out with four folders.

There were pictures in the files. He started to show them to me.

Four dead, unidentified. I looked at the pictures. A truck had nearly cut one in two. She was too pretty to be Clara and the face wasn't right. The second one was a swarthy man who had been tossed out of the harbour. Not her. The third one came out of the water too, only she had been thrown a long, long time. Probably right through that winter. He said the lab gave the natural hair colour as unknown. Not Clara. When she was a little girl her hair was black at the crown but her own sun patch

The fourth one was a man. Her face was scratched. She could have been Clara. She was the right size to be Clara. The blood-smeared hair was black.

"This could be her. What happened?"

"This was a funny one. The papers gave it a big play. Maybe you remember it. This is the one that took the high dive and landed in the truck."

I remembered it vaguely.

He said, "A Hinger Transport Company truck had to pick up a load across town. He was slowly plodding through the traffic when he heard a bang and thought somebody had piled into him. He pulled over and went and looked. No damage. He had a big trailer job, and he'd picked up a small load that didn't take much room. Anyway, when he got back to the warehouse and opened up the door in the back, there was that dead gal. No clothes. No identification. She had come down through the roof of the van and smashed on the bed of the truck."

"The papers gave it a big play and the job went over her good. The bones in her face are crushed so they can't reconstruct the features. Somebody saw her fall, and we can't even find out where she jumped from. The driver

couldn't remember exactly where he heard the news. They found the big face down as she went through the rear of the trailer. From her hands, from the collars, they figure she'd done a lot of typing up to maybe a month or so before she jumped. We checked everything and no soap. The eagle we figure is that maybe some joker knocked her off. It looks that way."

I thought of what that knowledge would do to Clara's mother. And I still couldn't be certain that it was her. A new way is an old one!

"Any record of soap or marks or anything?"

"Yeah, here's the lot. Let me see, now. Bed bugs, long ago, as the remnants of her left arm. A pinkish stain on the right side of her throat which maybe she had an abscess lanced when she was a kid. The X-ray showed an old break of the left collarbone."

I said slowly, "Gosh, I thought for a while it might be her. But that stuff you just told me doesn't fit. I think Clara you gave me the brush-off."

He grinned. "Sometimes it goes that way. You want to give me a full description and a picture just in case?"

"No thanks."

He was shoving the fat folder back in the file as I left. He didn't seem particularly interested.

I found the driver for Hinger and he told me what he thought it had happened. I got the pictures that Clara had sent me while I was overseas. Her wide eyes looked out of the pictures at me with that wonderful look of anticipation. The photographer had tried to brush off the gathered hair on the right side of her throat where she had had an abscess lanced when she was a kid. But it still showed a little.

It was a part of town where there are cheap little apartments. I had a

OR IS THERE A LIMIT TO EVERYTHING?

It's only idle speculation,
Yet it would be fun to know
Whether in infatuation
For the best the world can
show.

In carved old antique chairs,
In sumptuous antique books,
In vulture with its preys,
(And other gear of ancient
days).

Ever brings the antique love:
To a sudden urge to be
At least a trifling modest
Re her own antiquities.

black and a half of the right side of
a street to cross.

At the end of the third day I found
a crusty veteran elevator operator who
looked at the pastures and said, "Yeah,
she used to live here. You the cops
or something?"

I gave her five and said, "Let's not
talk about that. What apartment?"

"Let's say Eighth floor front. Fif-
teen less I think."

"What name?"

She went away then and came back
in three minutes. "Mr. and Mrs.
Charles Durrell," she stated.

"That was a phone you took?"

"About three nights a week he
won't have at all. The other nights, I
always run him down around mid-
night and he don't come back. And
he's a nice girl too."

"What did he look like?"

"I don't know. Just a guy. Between
thirty and forty. Husky. Sort of
white faced. That's all I can tell you."

"They checked out?"

"Mr. Durrell did the checking out."
"Can you tell me what day?"

"I saw it in the card when I looked
up the name. The ninth." Chen had
hit the truck on the ninth.

It's a furnished apartment?

"Yeah. The two of them took most
of the staff off on the eighth. When
he finally left he only had a little bag
of stuff left to take out."

A little bag with her clothes in it
I thought.

"You could tell who it was? I mean
if I brought a picture of a lot of guys
you could figure out which one was
the Mr. Durrell?"

"Sure. I can't describe him, but I
could recognize a pattern."

She had been working at the bank
and had quit if had to be so pros-
titute. He had done a lot of helping. I
could see what had happened. She
was going to make trouble for him.
Probably he had lied to her about
getting a divorce or something and
she had found out. I measured from
the front of the building to where the
truck had to be and I knew damn
well that Chen couldn't have jumped
that far.

I figured that it had to be about
seventeen feet horizontal distance—
plus the eight-story drop. It made me
sick to my stomach when I thought of
that drop. But I knew she hadn't fallen
it. He wouldn't have taken a chance
on the narrow.

I could see how it was done. He
staged her and crippled her. Then he
watched the slow moving traffic
holding her, probably, the whiskey
from wide. It was dark. He had to
maneuver. It probably meant a run
halfway across the room, ending up
down by the window, running away as
she crashed down through the top of
the truck. He had to be a powerful
man.

So I muddled on probability, and I
recited a number, let myself give four
days' visibility, bought a dirty cap in a
used clothing store, stationed myself
outside the bank, the side door where
the people came out who worked there.
I only snatched the men, the
stocky man between thirty and forty
I pretended to snap the others. I tried

to hand every one of them one of
those little cards telling them where
to send their address and the dough
to get a picture.

They came out good. I took the
prints back to the slavish woman
and she pocketed the second five
and pointed to the fourth picture I
showed her. She was positive. She
got mad when I asked her if she was
absolutely certain.

I threw the others away and went
back to the bank. He sat behind a
wooden railing and his name was on
a little plate on his desk. A. T. Wender.
He had a wide pale face and black
curling hair on the backs of his
hands. He was working hard, with
people waiting to see him. I didn't
want to see him.

I still couldn't be sure.

I found his home phone and called
his wife and made an appointment.

"Yes, Mrs. Wender."

"This is kind of a delicate situation,
Mrs. Wender, but I represent the
Alison Investigation Agency. I can't
reveal my source but . . ."

"Well, you come in!" She had a
firm, matronly face and nervous
fingers.

I sat opposite her. "As I was say-
ing, I can't reveal my source, but I
heard that you might be interested
in finding out . . . shall we say . . .
the extramarital activities of your
husband. We can offer the most
discreet—"

"How did you find out?"

"I can't tell you."

"Your want is experimental, Mr. —"

"Maybe it is. But a friend of yours
insisted that we approach you."

"Probably a few months ago, I
would have said yes. Alexander then
led to me about working late I could
tell by his manner that he was des-
titute of cash. But that's over now. His
estate bank pays every night.
His position in the bank is a good
one. I think he finally realized that
he could spoil it by running around."

"Thank you for telling me that.
You can be assured that it will go
no further."

"I told you because I don't care
whether it's reported or not. I'm
afraid I don't care very much what
happens to Alexander Wender."

I was almost positive, but not quite.
One small bit of doubt left.

I had to talk to her, but not too
soon. If I were too soon I should
lose my chance, for there would be
no shooting my intent.

Curious, I thought, that a man could
deserve his wife, deserve a lovely girl
like Chen to the point of having to
murder her, and, having murdered her,
return to his wife and to his work
as though nothing had happened.

For some reason I allowed myself
to lessen vigilance of Wender, com-
forted in the fact that there were still
some minutes to go before the train
was due to stop. In any case the switch
of people still formed a line between
us.

I got to thinking about myself.
Would this thing make any difference
to me? I was not the murdering type.
Even in the infantry I'd held the per-
sonal side of war, the cutting off of
life by my own action. But there
was nothing cold-blooded in war.
They would lay you up to it; it was a
case of your man or you—and it had
to be you.

Killing Chen must have been cold-
blooded though, the woman at the
house had told him about the clothes
and of the one small suitcase that
Wender had eventually taken out of
all. The killing of Chen was mea-
suredly planned. And now Wender,
if it were really he who had done it,
needed to find another.

When I found out that he was the
man I was after, there would not be a
drop of cold-blood in my veins. I
would be as mad that killing him
would be the most natural thing I had
ever done. I felt that even when I
had cooled down I would know no

man of rock is having killed a man. The passengers were beginning to shuffle. They were retrieving brief cases, buttoning up coat collars.

Some of the people got off the train and I could see how angry he folded his newspaper and put it in his pocket. Then he changed over to a local. His eyes were sleepy and the black hair grew earnestly on the backs of his thick white hands. Hands that had touched Charn.

He set up and I followed him. Not too close. Sound and wait for the other train. I walked up behind him, and of his habit of standing close to the tracks that pleased me in the corners of the four-foot pit. He took his newspaper and started to read it again.

I moved my close behind him, waiting for the approaching roar of the engine. The tissues had to be right. I held my own paper up and behind it I moved closer to him. I moved so close that the backs of my fingers brushed the falcons of his suit. He

felt the contact and moved a little closer to the edge. I moved closer.

I said quickly, "Charn Arkansas sends her love."

He turned violently, his eye wide, his face a picture of guilt, holding the train, realizing my intent as I leaned toward him. His paper fluttered down onto the tracks. The train was yards away.

One quick shove and then I could stand and scream with the others while the steel wheels ground him to bloody meat.

They grabbed me then and threw me back. Two medium-sized men in quiet suits with the still cold, wise faces of the police.

They had not hit me. There was a band of steel around his wrist and around the wrist of one of them. He tried to pull away and his face was the colour of fresh cement. I scrambled up, and before they could stop me, I snatched my fist into that wide white face, the jolt of the blow

stirred my hand, hurting my shoulder.

They took me along too.

I sat across the desk again from Inspector Weller and he said, "That won't be the right way to do it, Mr. Deven. This is police business. Thanks to you, it's all snowed up. Still, I'm not coming a phrase when I say that you shouldn't take the law into your own hands."

"I'd realize that now, but I guess for a while, I was out of my head. I wanted to kill him."

"Sure. But we couldn't let you. We had a tool on you constantly from the time you left my office."

"But why? What did I say? What did I do that gave you the tip?"

"Well, for one thing, you turned white as a ghost when I told about the disfiguring marks on her body. But the second thing was a little more interesting. You told me you were checking on an Alice Wilkins. When I told you about the marks on her

body, you said that Charn gave you the brushoff."

"We don't like unsolved crimes. We figure a girl would scream if she escaped. That scream would be heard. So we let you do our work for us for a while. You did a nice job. Deven. Very nice. You ever think of perhaps work as a career?"

I didn't answer for a long time. He was a good guy. I liked him. But there was still no open sore in my mind that needed healing.

I said, "I've got a trip to take, first I'm going home. Just a small update town. I'll be back. Maybe I'll see you then."

"Good, Deven."

He stopped me when I got to the door. He said, "By the way, Deven. This won't get much of a play in the papers. You see, we were a little nervous."

"How?"

"Alexander Warner managed to bring himself to his cell last night."



the two man TENT

Designed and Printed by
GRESHAM



For two men who want to go hiking the "two man tent" is the model. It is light in weight, is thoroughly waterproof, and exceedingly easy to handle. That's what the ad said anyway.

Tent poles are pieces of wood fast in each corner of the tent. The only purpose of these poles is to hold the canvas taut whenever their opposite numbers are being extracted. This, incidentally, can go on for days.



If two trees are used for support the tent poles may be bent so that you choose them apart otherwise the tent will take on the characteristics of a canvas pyramid, and who wants to live in a pyramid?

Sleeping bag tent poles are should be chosen for strength and durability. The stronger the supports the more solid the structure. You will find this out when the whole world collapses, which it always does.



When choosing a night in which to pitch the tent always look a position where there is a small hill, this will help in very handy to sit on if you happen to be packed up in a dried up creek.



Apart from being extremely popular with two men who go hiking the tents are also popular with many campers in all Nature that either walk, cycle, fish, swim, garden, hunt, boat, or just LAUGH!

Passing Sentences

If a girl gets to work on time every morning, first thing you know they'll expect it.

In international affairs, peace is said to be a period of abstaining between two periods of fighting.

A farmer who sent for a book on How to Grow Tomatoes wrote the publisher: "The man who won the ad should've won the book."

Even the characters in a novel deserve a little privacy.

Groomed in the clubhouse: "What golfyfiful weather!"

The comedians went from gags to riches.

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

I told my wife it was a pity she did not go to live with her mother as she knew all our business.

A highbrow author is a maf who can't write about something that he doesn't understand and make you think it's your draft.

Men in city restaurants: "Barley Soup."

A chrysanthemum by any other name would be easier to spell.

People with time to spare usually spend it with someone who hasn't.

Dining is a triumph of mind over platter.

To write a modern manual but all you have to do is to take something composed by the masters—and then decompose it.

University students presented the famous old play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Friday night. Thomas Hines played as Uncle Tom, Betty Martin was a lovely Little Eva, and Grace Lucy was Topsy.

My insomnia is so bad I can't even sleep when it's time to get up.



"Nevertheless sir, it has a disconcerting effect on the readers."



A ccent on COURAGE

Australians will remember Harold Russell, the brilliant American veteran, for his dramatic and enthusiastic portrayal in "The Best Years of Our Lives," the multi-picture which won him two Academy awards. Harold lost his hands in 1944 when a defective fuse caused the premature explosion of a charge of TNT. Nevertheless he can do almost anything with his "hooks."



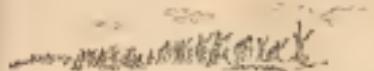
When 22-year-old Jerry runs into trouble with his toy women and trucks, Dad comes to the rescue. Russell's home is in Waukesha, Wisconsin, where he lives with his wife Rita and their two children. He likes to help Rita in the kitchen, but becomes so absent that Rita often just looks on. He has been described the "most natural" actor ever tested in Hollywood.





Russell makes sure the alarm is set, winds it himself. His days are full. Recently he has interrupted his home life and his senior studies at Boston University to tour his country, speaking to high school, college and other groups on the promotion of tolerance and brotherhood. Religious and other groups have selected him for their Brotherhood award of the year.

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



PRELIMINARY TRIALS have shown that a new mould-disrupting class of drug, carboxymycin, may prove effective against virus processes. So far the virus has proved stronger than antibiotics and anti-diugs. Doctors reporting the discovery to the American Federation for Clinical Research say that the response to treatment was dramatic.

THEIR'S a new plastic film dressing which not only looks neat and clean outside, but keeps a wound free from bacteria which develops under the other dressings. It is made of a nylon-like fabric. Experiments are reported in the British Journal, *The Lancet*. The dressing is based on a wartime discovery which was the result of a search for suitable clothing for tropical warfare. Another advantage is that the wound can be inspected without lifting the nylon dressing, because the doctor can see through it, the dressing will remain in place for days if the skin is free from grease and a heavy growth of hair.

THE JOURNAL of the American Medical Association reports the use of histamine as a valuable preventative and treatment for malignant headache. The substance is a body tissue chemical, thought to create many allergic reactions. During experiments it was injected beneath the skin and

dropped into the veins. Of the 348 patients studied, 10 showed 21 to 39 per cent improvement. The treatment is not a cure, but controls treatment has freed patients from the headache over a period of a year.

A SYNTHETIC derivative of phenothiazine, called phenacetin is the latest discovery for treating all common forms of epilepsy. Dr. Frederic Gibbs of the Illinois College of Medicine has been conducting clinical experiments and reports effective results to the National Medicinal Chemistry Symposium of the American Chemical Society. The anti-epileptic was searched in screening about 200 specially prepared chemicals for something that would control artificially induced convulsions in mice.

IT HAS BEEN FOUND that X-Rays and cathode rays produced at high voltages will destroy strong concentrations of bacteria, yeasts and molds. Researchers found that the sterilizing effect was good in cases of raw and pasteurized milk, sed and water but in an experiment where fruit juice were irradiated in view of the vitamin C content would be destroyed it was noted that the vitamin was markedly reduced. The changes that the rays cause are due to the disturbance created in the structure of the sensitive substance when the particles in the rays hit it.

Unfortunate for the victim, let a hangman provide citizens with a cold day, and the hangman earned in an execution.



MERVYN ANDREWS

THE hammer stopped sharply on a solid beam above the role of Ditchingham Goal, the "Brides of Death" was ready for John Keane's passage to eternity.

The bonds of human sinfulness had nearly rung its vita. Before dawn Blythepit-trains commenced to creak for a giddy day. While picnickers and pack-peddlers plied their trades, thousands of citizens crowded around the gallows. Bonfires and fire, gentry and labourer, master and apprentice, lady, housewife, and harkie advanced a fossil of horror to come, and stayed to gloat over the gauntlet griseous

and gorytions of the helpless which suspended from that grimacing beam and dyed by slow strangulation.

No censor deemed that this show was for adults only. The "Hands of the People," a journal brought in the winter of its first crusade, attacked the system in Vol. I No. 4 of 1st May 1845, claiming that there were five children to every adult in that human-hunting multitude. It damned, by name, boys from a nearby abbey who attended to a body; they clambered and crawled between ribs at the picnickers' wares.

Yet these callidels were but echo-

ing and weakly, the insatiable interest of nineteenth century England in crime, blood, and punishment! Until nearly the end of the eighteenth century, perhaps at the office of the Governor Ordinary of Newgate Prison was a monopoly of the "Last Words" and "Confessions" of the condemned within his care. Thereafter the execution failures of the popular newsmen and broadsheets of the day leaped high. The "Mincing Calendar," "Annals of Crime," "Terrific Register," "Malefactor's Register," "Last Dyers Specimen," and "Letters from the Condemned Cell" served only to what the appetite of the populace.

The hangman earned in an execution. Customs had long given him flaps of the victim's clothes, but he made more out of ropes excessively priced at one penny an inch.

The sale of ropes had long been prohibited, though a number of exhibitors are available in the "Black Museum" of Scotland Yard.

An enterprising person who sold "Greasings pell" at that hanging found his wares in strong demand at all subsequent hangings. That execution, too, was a lone source of profit to the benevolent prison authorities of corpus sold throughout the country ranges from £800,000 to £600,000. The "freelance" of the day set two shifts for the manuscript and the prison and the "paternal" divided the spoils.

Colonel S. G. Partridge, former Assistant Secretary, New Scotland Yard, in his "Prisoner's Progress" asserts that 300,000 people attended Fawcettroy's hanging in 1855, as many at Greenaway's in 1857, and also at Courvoisier's in 1858. At the last-named as great was the crush that dooms fested and many were trampled to death. A baby was saved only by being snatched from the arms of its dying mother and passed over the heads of the crowd to safety.

These public executions were crude and gruesome. The prisoner walked

to the scaffold, usually mounted at necessity, by an official. While the executioner adjusted the noose, the Ordinary continued his administration. At a signal from the executioner the condemned man was "turned off"—two men usually gripped his legs from beneath the scaffold and dragged downwards to ensure suffocation.

After the crowd had dispersed, two groups invariably remained at the scaffold. One group, though of all classes, were invited in faith in the efficacy of the "Dead Stroke," they were grieved sufferers hoping for cure by grasping the dead man's hand thrice across the swelling.

The second group were relatives beseeched with vain hope of getting the body for burial, but surgeons had to be retained. It went to the hospital for dissection.

Not all relatives had the same praiseworthy intentions. The useful plucking of his mother earned for her the body of Caesar, a highwayman hanged on 2nd October, 1852. The used lady exhibited the corpse for three days, charging one penny a look. Doubtless she settled a tidy sum and realized more by selling the carcass for dissection afterwards.

Delivery of the body to the hospital became law about 1859, but when public hangings were abolished in England in 1868, burial within the prison of execution became the rule. A direction to that effect was incorporated in the approved form of sentence adopted by English judges in 1863. The body now hangs for an hour. The doctor pronounces death and an inquest is held before the corpse is placed in a coffin packed with quick lime for interment.

Michael Barrett, hanged at Newcastle on 28th May, 1868, was the last man publicly hanged in England, and the trend in British countries since then has been against publicity. The jail officials, sheriff, hangman, doctor, and clergymen being the only witnesses although after the so-called battle of

Warrabangery in New South Wales in November, 1879, the bushranger, "Moonlite," was hanged in the presence of forty persons, mostly officials and members of Parliament.

America, on the other hand, publishing executives. At the election of Gray, the "Iron Widow" case, reporters were so numerous that they had to be admitted to the death chamber in relays and a photo of the inmate in the chair at the moment of the switch-on was front-paged in a New York daily; it sold 1,250,000 copies.

Despite the scene at Darlinghurst in 1847, Australian sentiment showed clearly against public punishment. James Beetham, a member of the Society of Friends who toured Australia in the Thirties, narrated that he saw the body of a murderer hanging in a gibbet near Perth (Western Australia) in 1847. So strong was public opinion against this that experiment that the Executive resolved never to repeat it.

In several States of Australia the death penalty has been abolished, and in others the King's mercy commutes a death sentence. It is over a decade since New South Wales recorded a hanging, but the penalty is uncommuted and may be given effect to in that State and in Victoria for murder, high treason and rape.

Australian protests in recent months resulted in a repressive being exerted on English article under sentence of death for murder.

Bushing generating and electrostatic, though favored in some countries, are less common than using as a form of capital punishment. Hanging was introduced into England very early in history, although in 40 B.C. the condemned were thrown into a quarry at Messina, made reference to hanging in Deuteronomy XXI, where directions are given for the burial of the dead before darkness.

Under older Roman law, a widow

would not be hanged. It was necessary for the executioner to violate Seneca's daughter before carrying out the sentence of death imposed upon her.

John Lawrence in the "History of Capital Punishment" shows clearly that the law had little consideration for either age or sex. Elizabeth Marsh, aged fifteen, was hanged for murder in 1594, while in 1831 a boy of nine was publicly flogged at Chelmsford for setting fire to a house.

A woman condemned to death would be spared if she were pregnant. A jury of twelve laymen was empowered to determine the fact, which, if established, meant a stay until after the birth of the child. The harshness of the early twentieth century scarcely created a reprieve, but in 2003 the sentence of death on a pregnant woman guilty of murder was abolished in England.

With the abandonment of public executions, officials gave attention to the scientific aspects of hanging with a view to streamlining the humanization of capital punishment.

The heat, the pushing from a high audience, the jolting from a cast, and various forms of slow strangulation had already given place to an improved "drop." The "New Drop" at Foggate, installed in 1898, was a collapsible platform built to accommodate twelve hangmen simultaneously, but it frequently involved the endangerment of assistants to drag at the bodies left to kill.

I wish to report some observations I have made on the killing effect of the knot in various positions and with different lengths of drop. They focused my attention on the 'submental' position to kill by fracture of the second vertebra.

Weight and physical condition had to be taken into account. British engineers, Marwood, and his successor, Berry, studied and systematically applied the Irish theories, and under the Home Office incorporated

Answers for the audience of beginners

The drop now varies from two feet to nine feet according to weight. Copper (1910), 138 pounds weight, dropped seven feet five inches, while Sir Edgar Cawthron (1917), 188 pounds was given a six foot one and a half inch fall.

Special attention, too, has been given to the rope. Berry chose that he had reached near-perfection with a 1/4 inch rope of five-strand Dallas braid for a man and four-strand of similar quality for a woman. Great care is taken by hangmen to keep these ropes flexible and free running.

was death has probably not been achieved. Death, though his "Handbook on Hunting" has been attacked variously as propaganda and as scientific claim that in nine cases out of ten several minutes elapse before death. Death law forbids a postmortem; the doctor certifies from outward appearance only.

The long nerve-sucking process from confined cell to scaffold has now been largely eliminated. A bed bug occurred in Canada in 1955 when it took one hour eleven minutes to hang Antechia Speciosa, but in 1956 an English case recorded ten seconds only from death cell to drop.

"WHAT SMELLS SO GOOD?"





JOSEPHINE BURNS

babies on the black

The directed activities from a beauty apartment and disposed of '6 babies a month.

THEY don't actually put unwed mothers on the black for adoption in the USA these days, but they do have their traffic in human flesh.

The sale of day-old babies is a billion-dollar industry. It is an industry which could flourish in this country, too.

Last year, 3200 unwanted babies were presented for adoption through the Child Welfare Department in Sydney alone, and that department earned over £1 at the beginning of the year a sum of over 100 married couples who were willing to adopt the first available babies.

Carefully put, the babies have become a commodity in short supply; more people want them than can get them, and that is the situation which in the USA, has given rise to cases like the following:

An eighteen-year-old unmarried mother who unsuccessfully sought to retain her baby, told a New York court recently how her child had been taken from her.

While awaiting the birth of the baby, the girl had been given domestic work at the maternity home where she was to be confined. A woman, allegedly from a charitable organization, approached her to see if she had made

arrangements for the baby's adoption. When the girl told her she hadn't the woman said, "You don't have to worry. I'll take care of everything. No one need ever know of your disease or that you have had a baby."

Sick and frightened, the girl had allowed that woman to take her into signed, howling documents, hardly knowing what she was doing but when the baby was born, the young mother didn't want it adopted. "I don't care what people think," he told a court when the child was week old. "I'm going to keep my baby."

"It's too late," the woman said. "The people you signed it over to, came and took it away the moment."

What could the police do? Their only charge was of misrepresentation against the woman, who had stated she was from a charitable institution. It was believed that the child had been "sold," but there was no proof of a monetary transaction, and the legal difficulties had been bypassed through the court immediately after the baby's birth.

Its new parents would not co-operate with the police, and as the child was legally theirs, they refused to give it up.

Statistics recently published suggest the possibility that such a market may already be operating in Australia.

The number of babies presented for adoption through the Child Welfare Department in Sydney has been rising steadily in past years, until in 1964/65 the figures show that 355 boys and 681 girls were adopted in that year, making a total of 1,036. In 1966/7, there were 362 boys and 710 girls totaling 1,072. But in 1967/8, there was a sudden drop to 887 boys and 884 girls, a total of 1,771. At the same time, private adoptions rose sharply from 101 in 1965/67 to 304 in 1967/8, and although free institutions are not yet available, it is believed they declined in 1968/69.

There is no evidence that any of these private adoptions were arranged on a monetary basis. Under the Child Welfare Act of New South Wales passed in 1929, it is legal for a mother to sell her baby for adoption. But it is not legal for adopting parents to be paid for taking the child.

When that Act was passed the demand for babies for adoption was not so great and few mothers would have had to be paid to part with an unwanted child. On the other hand, the establishment of baby farms would have been encouraged had the Act allowed any but the mother to accept money for a child.

Today the position has altered. The Child Welfare Department has an army named couples desirous of adopting a child, that, allowing for choice of the child's sex, "waiting" of parents and child, and the completion of legal requirements, each couple must wait a year to eighteen months before a baby is allotted to them.

These people might find the temptation too great and accept the offer of a baby without this lengthy delay.

In America unscrupulous hospitals and nurses are co-operating with blackmarketeers in inducing mothers to relinquish claim on their infants. Blackmarkets, brothels, chemists, shopgirls, and hotel employees are frequently employed because they are in constant communication with the public.

A woman who confides to her housekeeper that she wants to adopt a child but has to wait a long time before one becomes available, is told in confidence that there is a person who might be able to help, that is, Madam is prepared to pay a small fee.

A meeting is arranged with the agent and a deposit paid, usually before the birth of the child, but purchaser and mother never meet. Sometimes a child is sold by its mother through the blackmarketeer when it is

a year or even two years old. In this case, the "scrangies" take a large percentage of the price paid.

The parasitic background or family history of the child is not divulged to adopting parents, and they must take the risk of hereditary diseases or criminal tendencies. On the other hand, the babies are sold indiscriminately to criminals, alcoholics, prostitutes, drug addicts, or anyone who can pay the price demanded, with no thought for the welfare of the child. Many children, it is believed, are being reared for the white slave trade.

The utmost secrecy is maintained by the organizers in their transactions, and because the child's mother and the adopting parents do not want publicity, few cases are brought to the notice of police or public.

Occasionally, however, the police have been able to snuff a "baby ring" on the complaints of couples who declare they have been騙ed.

If the baby which has been bought is still-born or dies at birth, another baby will be found. But if the purchasers refuse to take a baby they have paid for, there is no refund of the deposit, which usually represents half the purchase money.

One case which led to the arrest and conviction of five people in 1948, was a perfidious one. A young couple who had been married five years and had been told they would not have children of their own, decided they could not wait two or three years to adopt a child. They paid \$60 dollars, as part of the price, to an agent for a baby to be born the following month. After its birth, the couple were told the baby's lungs were hopelessly deformed.

Refused the return of their deposit, the husband and wife informed the police. Then after the arrests were made, they went to see the baby. Its mother had died in labour, and the young couple were so sorry for the

little mite with its twisted, misshapen legs that they decided to adopt it after all and endeavour to have its limbs straightened by surgery.

In February this year, the matron of a maternity hospital in New York asked the police to check on a well-dressed, maternity-seeking woman she had noticed persistently visiting invalid mothers in the hospital.

On investigation, the police found the woman was a Canadian, Mrs. Alice Satherthwaite, aged 35, the key figure in a nationwide baby ring.

She lived in a luxurious Fifth Avenue apartment, from which she directed the ring's activities, acting herself as an intermediary and manager.

Mrs. Satherthwaite was arrested in New York when it was proved she had provided pre-natal care for the expectant mothers in return for their babies, which she had sold for adoption. She had received as much as \$300 dollars equivalent £200 for some of the babies, and she had disposed of an average of 30 children a month. In addition to personal contact, she had operated an extensive mail-order system by advertising babies for adoption through the newspapers.

Every care is being taken by the Child Welfare Department to prevent the establishment and spreading of a baby market in Australia. But its efforts can be successful only if it has the co-operation of people wanting to adopt children.

Adopting couples may have to exercise patience while they wait for their baby through official channels, but if they do so, they can be sure that caution and care will go into its selection. And most important, they can help to keep out of Australia, one of the greatest masses America has ever known—a kleptomaniac baby ring. There must be a lot of willing buyers before a market of this nature would be able to operate.



"Here's a cheerful little item on the front page. Wonder how it got there?"

THE HOME OF 19-BAY (B&H, 54)
PREPARED BY W. TREVOR SHARP, AR.AIA

plan with a view

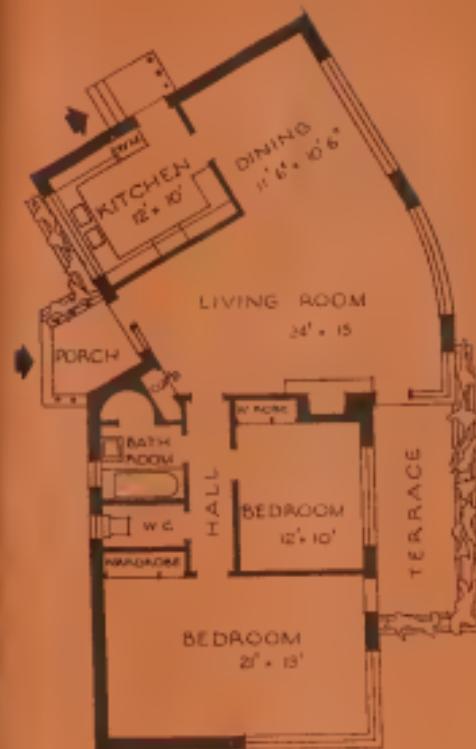
With the emphasis still on the small home, "Cavalcade" this month offers a suggestion for another two bedroom house. It is for a building allotment from which the main outlook is either to one side or to the rear.

The principal rooms are placed so that they take full advantage of the view, and large windows are the principal characteristic of this side of the house. There is also an open terrace, which is approached from the living room and from the main bedroom.

A feature of the plan is the large living room, the size of which is further enhanced by the addition of a dining area.

Each bedroom is fitted with a built-in wardrobe, and both are adjacent to the bathroom, which is modern in layout and has a separate shower recess.

Where the view is to the side the minimum frontage required is 40 feet and where to the rear 70 feet. The area of the house is 1,250 square feet.



WHITE KING OF TAHITI

They called him "Monsieur d'Albion," and the names given him in his name were legion



CEDRIC R. MENTIPPLAY

IT was a bad sign in the 1880's when a ship made port packed with bullet-holes roughly pock-marked, and marked with blood that horribly spoke what savagery could and did spew.

French officials at Tahiti were suspicious of the schooner "Misericordia" when she sailed in on her way from the Gilbert Islands, but their investigations ended abruptly when one

night, the schooner mysteriously disappeared.

Her bones lay on the bottom off Tahiti—dead like the 280 natives who remained aboard her. But Captain Carl Svensen had

Carl Svensen, mate of the schooner "Misericordia," leaped crazily against the deckhouse as the little vessel worked her way up towards Tahiti and

swayed into the evening breeze. The moonlight which made the night tremble as purple velvet was matched by the phosphorescence breaking about the bow. Nothing could be heard above the thumped small waves of a ship at sea—the creakle of timber, the slow croak of timbers, the gentle slap of sponge and the soft sighing of the hoses.

At the helmsman, heads Svensen slowed the spokes to slide them back in fingers the mate counted, and spit expertly to leeward. There was no wonder he did so. A gale of wind came up, and with it a stench so rank as any that hangs over a weekend battlefield. It was a charnel-house reek of death, and decay, and the last foetid odours ofaged mammals. In this case of 280 natives destroyed ashore in the Gilberts and battered below in the sunken hold. They had been there for weeks, locked in the darkness, bathed by the overseers fed on pigswill and water.

The mate crept forward in the darkness. There was something strange about the fire hatch, he thought, something normal growing. Then suddenly the silence exploded in a bellow of wild yells and curses. The hatch was open now, and heaving up out of it came a mass of matted, naked brown bodies. They hesitated for a moment as the mate held the stars in half-down language.

In snarled sobs and tears the crew came racing off—a ruffianly, belligerent lot with torn and stark in their eyes. Well they knew what would happen to them if these savages handed them off. After them the natives came running, brandishing weapons which included halberds of wood, broken shovels, and long bats wrenches from the vessel's tools.

On the pass the crew rallied. Svensen, a nice combination of brutal, sly, vicious and courageous, led his men in beating back the natives with bare fists. Then a rifle took up the chal-

lange, and the human wave rolled back. Svensen took advantage of the lull to serve out pistols. As the fire from the pass grew in strength the natives withdrew in the forepart of the ship, leaving between the two forms a wide area of naked ground. To the accompaniment of wild chants from the forecastle the crew then held a council of war.

It was soon apparent that the natives had freed the stores of food and drink. A wild feast ensued, and here and there human bodies were seen to stagger from their places of concealment. Svensen cursed gutturally as he picked off these many morsels with the rifle.

"We must attack!" he declared at last. "You must stand ready to charge when I give the signal. I had a plan."

The scheme was a simple one. All he had to do was to cross that naked strip of deck, crawl forward until he reached a stack of cans piled roundabout, fumble there a minute, and then rise up. There was gunpowder used there still, and Svensen carried a length of fuse and a slow match.

Breathlessly they watched him go. The celebrations foreseen were resolved in a high screech as he hurled into the pile. Then the whites thought that their leader had gone mad. The Danes sprang to his full height and assumed a challenge to the natives. They came after him, shouting their hate and desperation.

Coolly he waited until they were almost upon him, then ran for his life. Influenced with liquor, the Gilbertians carried their pursuit right up to the pass ladder—right up to the moment when the deck erupted in a great red searing flame.

Perhaps a hundred natives were blasted to pieces in that holocaust, and fifty more were thrown blinded and maimed to the deck. Olsen, in the agony of their wounds, pumped overboard, into the surfers, trapped

Walking down the street one morning, a celebrated Dutch conductor, encountered a member of his orchestra.

"My, my, but you look grand!" he observed.

"Oh, I'm a busy man," replied the musician. "Besides playing in the orchestra, I play in a quartet, give lessons, and perform on the radio."

"Really?" responded the conductor. "When do you sleep?"

"During the rehearsals," came the calm rejoinder.

—*Wall Street Journal*.

used his persuasive powers (and probably more concrete arguments) to obtain all the permission he needed from the French officials.

But the Tchétches would have none of him. They were too men, and under the law—and in the stocks they died, but they did not work. He hired schemers, of which the "Mousset" was one, and舞ed them with refusals whose intrications were to get labour—and no questions asked. Stewart's "blackbirds" combed Tchétche, then the Gilberts. His project grew, but it terrible cost in human lives and suffering. The natives preferred death to slavery, and nothing could alter that fact. Finally he brought in skipjacks of Chinese coolies from Canton and Macao—and though their admixture of Asian blood complicated the distinction of a true native race.

The cotton plantations described in herbic plenty. Slave carts to Abyssinia, and went many laden with the precious bales. Stewart lived like an Oriental potentate with his Tchétche wife in a huge stone house in which he offered lavish entertainment to such nobility as the French governors the Tchétche queen, and the Duke of Edinburgh.

On the high land which he called Montmin he built a palace for less favored sonnies, to which he used to come in a palanquin carried by natives. The wild folk still toll at wild parties in the hills above the green richness of the valley, and of how a jaded research would not avert such beasts on the beautiful island of Bahia.

Briefly, he planned to build a kingdom on cotton, the dream for which had assured tremendous importance because of the devotion to Southern American plantations owned by the Cossi War. A dozen of activity was driving him. First, he

had these hardened savagines. They rebelled, and received punishment worse than that meted out to the natives. One John Rikli, late of the 25th Regiment, went mad, and abandoned his days in a New Zealand asylum.

When the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, visited Abyssinia in 1886, he was welcomed with rich and picturesque ceremonial. Imported mosaics played for his pleasure, and champagne flowed freely. The tour of the plantations was carefully supervised so that he saw only the growing wealth of cotton and the barrenness—nothing of the "show" compounds. The whites were stowed out of sight, and the "middlemen" were spurned away in the distant reaches of the valley. Nevertheless, certain British subjects form under the hand of William Stewart presented to the Duke a petition, asking for his intervention. Nothing was done officially, and it is presumed that that document became "lost" somewhere in the archives of the Foreign or Colonial Office. Stewart did leak out, however, for the Pacific—bamboo less and less needed goes Europe with the passing months.

By 1870 Abyssinia was showing a handsome profit and nobody noticed that the buttresses of that profit, the artificially high price of cotton, were serving as the basis Confederate states of America turned to production again. Just before France fell to the Prussians, a syndicate based in Lyons offered Stewart \$200,000 for his share in the venture. He rejected it scornfully.

As the world price of cotton fell, the credits began to show in the war-tattered fabric. British capitulations had incurred over \$120,000 in the aggregate, and French capital was also deeply involved. Demand became more pressing, and at the first signs of reluctance on the part of Stewart to meet them a gang developed Lon-

don granted a last loan of \$35,000, but it was too little and too late. By 1873 the whole impulsive officer was stricken into quiet, and it was plain to all that bankruptcy would be the inevitable end of the company.

Stewart came down so heavily as if he had been ruined on the topmost tower of his enterprise. Around him he saw the salaried drivers and usher in an deserted ranks. Chinese and natives because daily more arrogant, as the overseers and company police weary of working under continued pressure of payment, went off in search of other employment.

At the end of it all, Stewart was left with little more than the clothing he stood up in. All the rest had been thrown to the chequesuring creditors—and it was not enough.

William Stewart was accompanied only by his wife when, on the morning of September 26, 1873, he made his last journey to the town of Montmin. There was no palliative now, and the purple growths reached out hopefully to close the trail. He was stuporously white and shaking when at last he reached the grove of mango trees, but he rested himself firmly enough on the shoulders of his devoted wife.

"TU start again," he told his wife. "In the Merganga, this time, and with Chinese labour. We shall reign there, you and I."

She looked away, but her translucent eyes saw nothing of the fatal valley. They held only the vision of two men—the strong, robust, fighting Scot who had won her as long ago, and the broken, white-haired failure who was now William Stewart. When she looked back at him, he was already dead.

The company survived him only a few months. Today only the meagre floors on the site of Montmin, and the debris by the bay is a heap of rubble. The lands of Abyssinia today see the Chinese be imported as a last resort.

new between the fire and the pooh, poured a pitiful half of lead. The crew of the "Mooroo" showed no mercy. When the massacre ended, fewer than fifty natives were left unscathed.

That is only one incident in the bloody history of William Stewart, otherwise known as Tchétche, or, as his French friends and enemies called him, "Monsieur d'Abyssinia." There are countless other stories which have become legend concerning the cruelties which were perpetrated in his name.

Stewart is first discovered in 1862, going down from the sky he later called Meekmuk into the rich valley of Abyssinia, on the western side of Tchétche. What was his previous history nobody knows, but at that moment William Stewart was a man full of vigor and ruthlessness, contemplating a dream the fruition of which would claim all his powers.

Briefly, his plan was to build a kingdom on cotton, the dream for which had assured tremendous importance because of the devotion to Southern American plantations owned by the Cossi War. A dozen of activity was driving him. First, he

Hunter And Hunted

She was as fit as a fiddle—
The more, she wanted to play,
He wanted to make a night of it
But the less, she called it a day.

Bent

On ignoring

Such hunting

Dislikegment

He tried her will power to break—

But he was being taken in

When like thought he was taking her out

He was persistent,

She was resolute—

Resistant at first, that is,

And she remained silent

When he would speak

In a somewhat voluble way

And he was inundated by surprise

At a girl who didn't shatter

When he gave her a kiss

Over nuts and wine

That kiss meant her pride to flatter

But for all he said

And for all she knew,

She shook her head

While his love bleomed true

And even if she did not get

Her ideal kind of beau,

She tended everything else besides,

Home, honeymoon, eve and dough

She broke silence to boast

As they gave her a toast

To a most successful bride,

That she hunted her prey

In the kind of way

That goes her a special pride

For whatever they say

Off the way to hunt,

And whatever approach be right

She was never sorry,

She caught her quarry

By keeping her trap shut tight



"FLASH" CANNON MEETS THE **BLACK ANGEL**

ILLUSTRATED BY



"BLACK ANGEL" CANNON,
PROTECTION BOSS,
LEAVES HIS CARD !



"WE KNOW IT WAS
CANNON'S MOB, KEN-
SHAW ! WILL YOU
GIVE EVIDENCE ? IF
WE FULL HIM IN ?





NOT HERE, MR. CAIN!
GIVE ME YOUR
ADDRESS AN' I'LL
CALL TONIGHT!



FLASH CAN GIVES
CONROY HIS ADDRESS



WARNING!



CONROY CALLS ON
FLASH CAIN, AND...



...DIES AS 'BLACK
ANGEL' CANNON
COMES CALLING!



FLASH OPENS UP /



-- BUT IT'S A CUL-DE-SAC
GETAWAY!



CAIN BRINGS CONROY'S
BODY INTO THE FLAT
AND RINGS THE
POLICE -----



-- HE LOOKS FOR
CLUES THAT MIGHT
LEAD HIM TO THE
"BLACK ANGEL'S"
HEADQUARTERS



UNIQUE INSURANCE
COMPANY. I WONDER
IS THAT YOUR
PARTICULAR HEAVEN
BLACK ANGEL?



DETECTIVE INSPECTOR
BANT ARRIVES





ROBERTS CALLS THE SHOWDOWN /



REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE /



A CHICKEN CLIPS THE WINGS OF THE BLACK ANGEL ...



- AND A SECRETARY IS GIVEN NOTICE /



ROBERTS WAS A CANNON
I TOLD HIM TO LAY OFF CONROY / HE
SAID HE ... WOULD BUT HE USED ... SO
I KILLED HIM ... SO
CONROY WAS MY FATHER /



SHE'S DEAD, BANT
BUT SHE CERTAINLY
REVENGED HER OLD MAN /



THE FAIRYTALE OF

SCIO ...

both employees and townspeople helped rebuild the town's factory.

This true story recalls the Japanese invasion. "When a man bites a dog, it's never", says it is a story of modern industrial relations in which there is no question of status. Quite the opposite, it tells how employees and townfolk voluntarily rebuilt the burnt-out factory.

In the days of Sun, Ohio, in the post-war days of 1945, Lewis P. Ross started a chinaware factory in a distant pottery plant. He was a stranger to the town, for he came from West Virginia, but he was a likable, kindly-voiced, energetic person, and he soon built up a thriving business.

This was the production of five cent pieces with which he aimed to corner a good share of the cheap china market, in those days dominated by the Japanese. So successful was he that a few years later he was the biggest producer of white shams in the United States.

But at Christmas time 1941 Ross's factory was burned down ... and since he had no fire insurance, his successful career had apparently come to a sudden end. On the contrary, it was the beginning of one of the most fantastic industrial stories ever told.

Ross's workers went out and cleaned up the debris. The townfolk took up a collection to start rebuilding. Instantly scarce steel was secured by a delegation of citizens sent to the head office of the National Steel Corporation. Even the Pennsylvania Railroad entered the campaign, speeded up the job by putting the steel on through trains and then suspending their schedules by stopping these trains at Sun for unloading.



From New York stores extended loans to be paid back over ten years in stages and installments. The pottery workers learned construction work and worked hard, even overtime, to accomplish reconstruction in record time! Workers' clubs served meals to the workers. And in 90 days the plant was re-opened and the chinaware was again being produced!

If even there was an example of community endeavour turning individual disaster into success, the story of Lewis P. Ross and his pottery plant is that. Not every day, in a just democratic form, the same thing is occurring here in Australia thanks to *Life Assistance*. Unfortunate homes are being protected, people are released to complete their life in the great co-operative enterprise in which three million Australians are linked for mutual aid. These amounts are invested for the benefit of the whole community, too. And while helping the development of Australia they are also creating money, which helps to provide welcome bonus dividends to the persons for whom such policy holder is insured. The "fairy-tale" of Sun is repeated in our state many times over every day of the year!

vengeance

travels far



He recognized the nitrate blaster when it came out of the past to reward him of the crime he had committed.

HARRY WATERS sat comfortably at ease in his ampler office. The room was ornate even for the type of business Harry had made his own—a synthesis of blonde wood and expensive leather upholstery in the solid, manly style he loved to affect. Adjoining it was another apartment in which the touch was gentler, though no less costly. Here there was darkness, and soft curtains and shaded

lights, and the red sheen of codas. But now the intercom door was closed, and Harry was alone.

He leaned back to savor the fragrance of his cigar and listened to the strains of the orchestra—his orchestra—the best that money could buy—welling up from the dozen-floors below. This was the quintessence of luxury, to be alive by choice when a word in the telephone at his elbow would

ring the rich and the influential to do bidding.

Soon he would ring, not far away over the high couldy hills, but the famous Louie Co., perhaps she would come unbidden, as she often knew his desire and half-knew that he might not call her. She would come in so suddenly, so secretly poised, and pass through one and over shoulder which she called "the haven-way," meandering about ranging into "something a little wider" than the spanned dragon in which she sent her messages.

He closed his eyes. It had been a long and tiring week, and the night was for advanced. He would not call her wavy a little, and let that round, quiet contours flow wonderful as would be to sleep till six right, and to wake at the early morning in the cool, clear air of Weiden, where the dark waters of the Worthas-

There was a resonance in the memory of that shadowed lake, with the swans of the great peaks looming within it and the red-spurred Ellis Amerson town shimmering by its side—a picture carried only by the ghosts of Hilde and the big Juan. How the words reached up from the blue-bottom and chest-chest-like fingers gripped hands, like the entwining cords of dark blonde human hair. How were the eyes so suping smooth—

He awoke, sweating, from his doze and sprang to his feet. The old nightmare was back, the shine of the lake on his hands again! Then he realized that something else had scared him. The name had stopped in a sudden jingle of sound. There were mused voices, sounds of strangled. A mad! Sassy! The flesh could not bear double-crossed him like that!

He ran to the concealed shutters—pressed the button which caused them to slide upwards silently. The noise of the crowded nightclubs blared forth

suddenely in his ears. He brushed heavily. This was no police raid and whatever it had been, he was too late. Already the orchestra was swooning into its stroke again. Harry, this, with his gifted clarinet, was a tall, swaying rod of sound.

Harry snatched down his unnecessary wet, sun-splashed through the thinning waves of his hair, and stepped out onto the landing. The author of the disturbance was on his way out—a broad, sloped man brushed forward to relieve the pressure placed on his twisted arm by the vice-like grip of Joe Clark. Wall and Jag, other members of his efficient team of "gentlemen robbers" scurried the departure so that the fear of them assailed nothing more than a furrow group on its way home.

Harry found himself going steadily up the wide back stairs in disappeared with sudden acceleration through the main door. There was something familiar, something reassuring about the air of those shoulders—and yet the man was elderly, smaller. He swore softly. The nightmare was hanging around still!

He descended the stairs and looked for Lou. She was not hard to find in the shadow of the dolls she was repairing a torn shoulder-strap. "What goes Lou?" inquired Harry, patting the exposed shoulder.

She snatched irritably away. "Can't you get your base girlies to stay on the job? Now we're uprooted I don't expect to be rescued by drunkards and halfwits! It's bad for me, and bad for your station. Best do something Harry!"

"I will—if you tell me what happened."

"All right. I'm getting ready for my number one, and this taller comes at me like he's just wandered off the street. Straight across the dance-floor he comes, and stops in front of me and says, quiet-like: 'You're the most

beautiful women in the place. You'll know where Henry is."

"It's no compliment, see, the way he says it, with a twisted grin on that scared face of his. I turn away, and he grabs me right round, and says again. He's still grinning when I scream for the boys. You saw the lot!"

"That was all? No other words?"

"That was all, boy!" Joe Clegg had arrived, looking more like an ape than usual because of a vicious glistening eye. "We crushed 'im quick, but 'e back-handed 'im in among the drums an' plucked me one beauty before the fight went out of 'im."

"All right. Spare the ribs. What was he like?"

"Ghastly, grey hair. Face looked as if he'd been in a nasty water accident—sort of scrubbed. He'd been hurt once, but there was no mark on 'im. Oh—oh! he was angry!"

"Armed? Did he try to use a gun?"

"No. See 'ere." Joe produced something small and gleaming from his pocket, and handed it to Henry. "It's hid in 'e hand, but 'e don't even straighten when I look at 'er 'im."

Henry looked at it, and his eyes widened. The weapon was a tiny automatic pistol—a Mauser 4.35 millimeter, less than three inches long overall. The heavy chromate plate reflected the light, and the mother-of-pearl on the butt had a lustrous sheen. It was a perfect miniature of a heavy service weapon, yet it lay dwarfed in his hand. He gasped.

"Some army relic, used with hooked," offered Joe. "His voice was kinda thick. Coulda been Jerry."

Henry forced himself to smile, though his hands were trembling and there was a dryness in his throat. He slipped the pistol into his pocket.

"All right, boys," he said. "See nothing like that you've got in ages. I'll be up in my room, but—" His eyes caught those of Lou. "—I don't want

to be disturbed for an hour. That's all."

Back in his office, Harry sagged into his chair and dabbled at his knee with a silk handkerchief. The skin was damp, and he was not as slim or as fit as he used to be. He took the pistol from his pocket and placed it on the blotter before him. As he forced himself to look at it coldly, dispassionately, his pulse left him.

Of course! There it was, a Mason monument, one of countless thousands. Why, half the women in Europe showed out of them, or something like it, as a protection against ambitious strangers! There was nothing even remarkable about the fact that one should turn up here, in possession of a man whose secret might have been German, whose back view bore a startling resemblance to that of a man seen on the other side of the world, ten years ago.

Henry laughed shakily and poured himself a drink. The tang of the fine whisky warmed him, soothed him, so that his fears seemed suddenly childish. Why, as examination of the possibilities would prove conclusively how weakness and a bad dream could produce results which would confound all sense.

The book? That, of course, would seal him off the back of Anton Schweiss, the big mountainman who lived high on the Berg above Velden, and who used to court the lovely, teasing Hilde. He had last seen Anton, where? That moment, of course—that foolish morning ten years ago, when his own travels had begun, when a little, ransacked man with a firelock and bared his way into Austria, and when a blonde girl had died.

The name was not Henry Waters then, but Heinrich Wiesemann—a young man with big ideas, and a way of obtaining whatever his heart or his ego desired. His first, second, and last thought was for Heinrich Wies-

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AT BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS EVERYWHERE

armies—and that, in a way, was what had brought him to Velden, gathered as a tourist but feeling unconsciously like a cornered rat.

He had joined the Nazi Party, not because he believed in its ideals or enjoyed the noisy battles with the Communists, but because life in Germany was easier for a party member. When an offer came along from political trials, and there were threats for strike, that same consideration dictated his course of action. His fortune alone had decided that the offer should be a long, and that he should now be fleeing hopefully from party vengeance.

In Velden the handsome, well-mannered young tourist revealed nothing of the poison which was growing within him. Beyond was the Tauris Pass into Italy, but without money to hire the frontier guards he might as well have been back in the Koenigsstuhl. This fate brought him Klida, daughter of the proprietor of the wine-wrecked guitars by the lake—a fat big blonde gal who fell easily under the spell of the young visitor.

As was his way in any enterprise he threw everything he had into a whirlwind week of courtship. At the end of it she was his to live whenever and wherever he pleased—she is going away to those exciting northern cities of which he speaks his tales. She was prepared to bring her own down—the fat stockings full of savings which her father hoarded beneath the old wooden clock.

He remembered waiting for her that night amid the shadowy mists of the lake. There was a new urgency in his plans now. Something he had heard, a signal remembered from the old Party days, had told him that evening that one hour for Austria was at hand. Once the Nazis turned down here his doom was sealed. Fugitation mingled with the new spin his fear.

At last she came, panting a little, and lay for a moment in his arms. Then they boarded the boat which she believed would take them four miles across the lake to Klagenfurt, first stage in their journey together to the great cities. He stared quickly onto the clinging mist, his eyes watching the pallor of her face in the faint lights of stars.

She sat there, pale and unmoving, as he swung the boat through a wide half-circle. It was only when the keen breath through the bordering reeds and pines cut softly into the bank that she showed any surprise. Before she could express her anxiety he took her hand and jumped ashore. She followed. The lights of the Tauris highway showed that they were scarcely more than half a mile from their starting place.

"What is this, Heinrich? Do we go some other way?"

"Quick!" he rasped. "The engine! Give it me!"

"But, Heinrich—I could not take it. Surely we can do without. They were so kind to me—so kind."

"What? Do you not believe he can. His whole beautiful plan was blowing away in the morning breeze. 'Ten stupid fool! Do you think for a moment I would look at you—that I would thrust my head back into a noose?'

Her tall figure suddenly straightened. In the growing light he could see her hands trembling in her bag. He seized the click of a cocked pistol and saw the soft gleam of steel.

"Stand where you are!" Her voice was shrilling towards Austria, but the tiny weapon was level enough. "Anion told me about you—warned me. He used to trust you then—and if you loved me, we could go, with his blessing. We thought there was something strange about you, as if you were hiding. We—"

"Hold! Put down that gun and listen to me!"

The "Grasshopper Mind"



The man with the "Grasshopper Mind" nibbles at everything and masters nothing.

At home in the evening he turns on to the wireless—gets tired of it—glasses at a magazine—can't concentrate. Finally, unable to concentrate, he either goes to the pictures or sleeps in his chair. At work he takes up the easiest thing that puts it down when it gets hard and starts something else. Jumping off the fence!

So the "Grasshopper Mind" does the world's most tiresome tasks and routine drudgery. Day after day, year after year—endlessly it hangs on to jobs that are absurd, shallow, least interesting and poorest paid.

And yet its possessor has, and knows very well he has, intelligence and ability to get him what he wants and should have. But in essence says, he uses only one-tenth of his real brain power because he cannot concentrate.

He can by Pelmanism train himself to concentrate, to make full use of all his facilities so that his mind will respond readily to the demands made upon it, so that his decisions will be prompt, and his actions energetic and carried out happily until what has to be done is done.

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Columbus drivers John Sturges has just discovered that animals are animal-born actors. Once of that momentous decision is that in the filming of "Best Man Wins" adapted from the Mark Twain story, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," six grayhounds, two hares and dozen of frogs play leading parts. Stevens released human actors but shot the animal actors without any cushion.

Result: Nine perfect takes out of ten scenes in which animals appear.

look like a tree or a walking tree in the Biblical Tyrol-Switzerland with somewhat healthy roots but very uprooted trees to his room.

When he had finished his preparations he stole a quick look out of the window. They were starting now about the lakehouse, and visitors were coming from the rough stone chimney, but the shutters of the windows were still fast. Then he crouched. In the distance he could see the boat still bobbing among the rocks—and towards it along the path from the mountains came Anton.

Purified, Heimrich watched. Perhaps, even now—but no! Anton stopped suddenly in his tracks, picked up something from the path—something small, at which he looked with slow wonderment. Then Anton saw the empty boat. He strode towards it, and passed down at the riverbank at the bushes, and at which they only half concealed. And there, with a furious energy that was striking in one normally so delicate, Anton was running towards the sea!

Heimrich shook himself out of his coils, snatched up his bag, and made for the door. He lay down the stairs and crumpled the darkened parlor when the front door creaked open. Anton stood there—Anton no longer slightly ridiculous in his short Tyrolean breeches and enormous helmeted boots. In his great round face his eyes were narrowed and glinting.

"Wasserstein, you swine! I found him!" "Yes—yes!"

"Don't be foolish man I was—but leaving early—leaving the field to you. You found him—kill her, then?"

"Don't kill! You killed her, you dog! You killed her!"

The huge right fist was rising and clanged without a sound exploded in that knotted fist and bone, was the little point! The tiny hands pressed from between the knuckles Heimrich tried to tear his gaze away from the remaining steel ring now poised before

his eyes. He felt his pulse deserting him, the sweat breaking out upon his nose. His white hair was sore, and his blood was turning to water within him.

And now he knew that the big man would have power, that Anton was holding his fire as a deliberate, glorifying plan, to watch his energy break into a shuddering, uneven throb beginning far away.

Then he was conscious of notes in the street of people shouting. Perhaps they had found him also? Perhaps a voice roared in the doorway: "Mobilization! That outfit Hitler has crossed the border!"

The wicked eye of the little gun wavered as the big man turned his head. Heimrich saw his chance. He lunged striking with all the weight of his heavy rucksack. Anton leaped backwards to seize his balance caught his heels on the thick hand-woven carpet, and went down awkwardly on the tiled floor. Heimrich was on him, leaping out cruelly with his heavy swinging boots at the exposed face and hand until the huge bulk was still.

Henry Watson picked up the little gun and held it so that the muzzle protruded from between his knuckles. Yet it had been put with a weapon.

He shuddered slightly and laid the gun down. How tired he was—and yet he was somehow afraid of sleep. He closed his eyes, and thought of the dark transformation of still water, of the shadows of uneven rocks, and of the bubbles rising.

He was no longer alone in the room. That conviction came upon him slowly, with the blurring of a cool bower on his neck. He opened his eyes. A man stood before him—a man he had never seen before, yet who yet was horribly familiar. The small blue eyes gleamed oddly from a face that was one great shadowed scar. The body was that of a man who had once been big—but who was now little more than a skeleton on whom the clothes hung

strangely loose. The knuckles—the knuckles! They rested oily on the table, on either side of the little Maser.

"General Wasserstein." The voice was unusually low, unbreakable. "A long time, eh? Sorry it could not be sooner."

"Bob Anton—Action surely."

"Oh you did not do that, all of it, to me! That was fighting and I was in it—for my country. For Austria, Heimrich, not for your Nazi friends. Then when they caught me, and there was Bachmeier—and—Dachau. Time waited, Bachmeier—but they caught me prisoner, of not forbearance."

"Why, Anton, you'll need money—clothes—"

"No, I have work to finish—work I began ten years ago."

"But—They'll find you. There's only one way out of here! You'll never get away!"

"I care not. But remember—those renovations at the back of your place! A ladder leans against that window behind you. I can close the window when I depart, and remove the ladder. See, I know these things because I have watched you, day and night, these six months."

Heimrich opened his mouth, but no words came. He saw the big knuckles close about the gun and the fist come up, oh, so slowly. He tried to move—but a numbing terror seized him. He saw only the tightening fingers, and between them the tiny outline of the Maser. As the flesh leaped out at him ten years of flight, struggle and escape were as nothing. In the pallor of the man at Volkau, in the first rays of a sun which had not ten years before, died Heinrich Wasserstein.

The detective looked at Lee Abbottly, at the body slumped forward across the expansive blonde wood desk, and at the little skeleton clasped in the softening fist.

"Strange," he declared. "Funny things, those nameless Musers—but they kill, eh?"

"I have listened enough! You would take my money and leave me here, disemboweled, a lunatic streak. Well in Austria there are girls who will fight for their honour! That is what I shall say when they come and find you here!"

Her voice soared and cracked until he could stand it no longer. He dove, striking at her arm, crushing his shoulder into her soft body. The little girl flew away in a high arc, and she was alone at last, without a hand to hold her held on her throat. Then they were down and rolled. The bark fell away beneath them, and Heimrich was in water to the hips.

Twice he struck down through it at the limp body beneath the surface. He held on until the last tremor ceased, until the last bubble came bursting to the surface. Then slowly he dragged himself upright and resembled where the first streaks of dawn were in the sky his life was ebbing silent.

Breathlessly he ran to the pathway, his mother clinging banding about him. The clock! Yes the money was there, a thick roll of it! Now to clear out of those digging seas into something that would make him

eight eyes see

Murder



RAY CUMMINGS

Man had hoped he would escape justice for his crime, for his leniency from the murdered man would have set him right with Valerie.

PETER MAIR drove his little roadster merrily. It was nine o'clock now—a soft, moonlit summer evening. He had driven all the way from Waterville since sunrise. He'd be home in less than half an hour. Mair sat tense behind the wheel, worried by his thoughts—it seemed that every moment as he approached the little cottage where he lived with his cousin, John Karr, his tension was increasing.

He was young—twenty-three—and,

he told himself, had his life. He should have had Valerie out of that cheap inn and married her long ago. His relationship no longer jolted with her. He had suddenly realized that yesterday, in Marshfield where her town show was playing, Valerie would have to be different.

The little road rounded the curve and John Karr's cottage came in sight, set alone under the thick grove of trees on a slope of the wooded hill. It seemed abruptly that now was the

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A recently appointed magistrate, chairman of the Bench for the first time and sternly to a cyclist involved in an accident: "I am determined to stamp out these road casualties, and I sentence you to death!"

A startled clerk explained that the maximum penalty was \$5.

"Very well, then, \$5. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

time for him to make things different—to get what he wanted out of life—and she remembered that he was planning at a cross road to sit looking, frightening contemplation.

He saw that the little cottage was all dark, window with two shadows in the moonlight, with just a yellow glow at the lower rear windows, which were Karen's studio. The housekeeper always left after supper. Karen would be alone.

Mair put her car into the little square by chance. He left his single census in it. He went in the front door of the exterior, put his hat on the table in the dim hall. He had brought his sunglasses from the eye. He left it in the hall, by the stairs. There was no light except the slit from the partly opened studio door.

Karen called, "That you, Peter?" He had heard the arriving car. In the hall, for no reason at all except that his vague shuddering thoughts were prompting him, Mair had been entirely silent.

"Yes," Mair said. He sheered open the studio door, went in.

It was a small artist's studio, with big windows which Karen always kept

closed because he hated fresh air. The smoke from his incessant cigarette hung in thick blue layers, moving slowly like a gamma cloud where the light fell on them. The room was littered with canvases and artist's paraphernalia. Charcoal sketches on big rectangles of wood board stood on the floor, leaning against the wall. Karen, with a cigarette dangling from his lips, sat on a stool before his easel, working on a sketch of a man's arm and head. A hooded light shone on the head and illumined one side of his—a short, thin and delicate little man with a mass of prematurely grey hair. Karen was only forty-six. He was peering at his sketch through the thick lenses of his white-dinned spectacles—peering with an intent critical frown.

Then as Mair stood in the doorway, Karen tossed away his bit of charcoal and swung around the stool. "Come on, Peter," he said. "Sit down."

"Don't let me interrupt you. I'm tired. Guess I'll go up to bed." Mair was satisfied at his own words. Was he trying to avoid talking now to his cousin? He could feel his heart pounding, but as Karen turned him to a wooden chair, Mair took it, crossed his legs and lit a cigarette.

"Wait a minute. I was only killing time waiting for you, Peter." Karen was a nervous, high-strung little fellow. He seemed often short of breath, when under stress. He was short of breath now. He clapped his hands but he was smiling. "We got a few things stirred up to say to you," he added.

"Things?" Mair snarled. He uncrossed his legs. The knot in his stomach tightened. "He had a premonition of this, and now it was coming." "Have a prosperous trip?" Karen asked.

"Well," began Mair. Karen's faint smile turned sardonic. "Look," he said. "I don't want to puzzle you. It



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happens I'm fed up with staking you to a living since your mother died?" His gesture wowed Max into silence. "Stand up, spill you, and let me tell I wouldn't stand if you had any good intentions, but you haven't. I couldn't help putting letters meaning in one completely—Yakima La Tosa or the Moonlight Maids—that's one of your interests, isn't it?"

Max could feel his temper losing. It began to blare the fierier in his soul that he gripped the sides of the chair, and steered.

"Meaning what?" he murmured.

"So I find a little loose change phasing," Kurn went on. "Your concern says you don't sell enough to justify your expense account—and you've padded that to where they're about fed up with it. How can you get customers when on every trip you follow the Moonlight Maids around? Sure?" I checked on that too. The stage manager knows you very well, Peter."

Kurn took up his channel and rifled a few strokes in his sketch. Now that he had started the discussion, nervousness seemed to have left him. He was prepared to wait calmly. His concern had had a rude shock, and there was more to follow.

Watching him Max felt quiet fury rising within him. On top of Yakima's attitude of yesterday, Kurn's name-of-fact statements were more than he could stand. What could his calculating cousin understand of his dealing for Yakima? He was prepared to swear that had Kurn as much as spoken to Yakima at any time, he would have been in a spin himself.

Why couldn't the fellow stop following with that steward, he thought. Blue strokes. The very color seemed to be an oven. Blot! He sprang round! He leaned forward, smacking against the beard, knocking the black mask from the artist's grasp, complete-

ly upsetting the sketch. Kurn bent to retrieve the cardboard. Max stared at a painting on the easel.

"So this is your interest in spying into my affairs?" he demanded, murder in his voice. "An excellent likeness, my dear cousin. The result is many strings no doubt."

"Don't be silly, Peter. I confess that I did do it to see her. Your interest made me curious. I wanted to see what type she was. What I thought is not of much consequence, but I was presented by an unusual quality in her face, to make a sketch of her likeness. The painting is from memory. I hope that satisfies you."

"Incidentally, quite apart from the fact I didn't find enough to warrant your risking your career for her."

It fell on Max like a flurry of little blows, confusing them so that all he could feel was the throb of his racing anger Easy now, don't hit him but you It seemed that all he could see in the shadowed room was the vision of Kurn's thin face, the big sparkling spectacles, the thin-lipped pernickety smile.

He hated himself suddenly. "Think you can sleep around, person like—"

"My business as well as yours," Kurn said. "The shadow I've been casting you—" Kurn's little finger, bunched on the steel, seemed to tighten. His pale eyes were glinting through the goggling spectacles. "So now I find that you've slipped a few forged cheques into my back account!"

There it was. Max had sensed it would come. Of course he'd figured to put it back. He'd get it some way, in time. But he hadn't. And now Kurn had discovered it.

Max was out of his chair. He stood gasping, glaring. He knew that he was trembling something fierce. "You—who're you talking about? Forged cheques?"

Kurn's clipped words kept an coming. "That riled me up, Peter. I

could wash my hands of the rest of it, because that's your business. But not forever. You need a lesson, before you get into even worse trouble. I've already impinged into the low second degree farcey—that's all you'll get if I don't press it however than that."

"You—you—" The room was whirling around Max with only the vision of Kurn's grey face in the glow of light.

"A sample of you in pdf, Peter. As I guessed if I'm not going to give it to you for your own sake as well as—"

"Why, you deserved little fear exerted!" Max suddenly leaped, his fist that cut. It was a cowardly blow, aimed at little Kurn's spectacles. They splintered under Max's knuckles. Kurn went backward. The little stool overturned.

Fusilli here now . . . why let him stand you to fall . . . damned little art The stream of jumbled thoughts whirled mad in Max's mind—though he hardly knew he was thinking; but all in that second as two big muscles were translating them into action. Vaguely he realized that he was on the floor by the overturned stool, his hands reaching down, gripping Kurn's slender throat. You've got to catch him now, that has gone too far to stop too far . . .

An element of humor. The light shone down on Kurn's horrible face, darkened now, with staring bulging eyes and the broken spectacles hanging away, with the life going out of his body in little hiccups.

. . . Hold him . . . Hold him harder. He'll die. He's got to die

Then at last Max knew that he was strapped to his feet; and the motionless little dead thing was there, huddled in a heap on the floor with the unsmiling steel bands at and the glow from the hooded lamp shining down on it. The thing was done

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Fusilli here now . . . why let him stand you to fall . . . damned little art The stream of jumbled thoughts whirled mad in Max's mind—though he hardly knew he was thinking; but all in that second as two big muscles were translating them into action. Vaguely he realized that he was on the floor by the overturned stool, his hands reaching down, gripping Kurn's slender throat. You've got to catch him now, that has gone too far to stop too far . . .

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Mar stood panting, with the power of his horse turned him cold. But soon the power was dragging away. That horse was his now. And those paintings and thoughts—his inheritance that could be turned into enough cash to straighten him out.

He suddenly realized that it was something like fun which had started him when he had subconsciously planned it. And now it was done. All finished! The artist was gone.

"Should he get out now?" He thought. He had bad. He remembered how he had stopped in town a little while ago. Several people knew he was on his way home. People who would try to remember their closest connection with him as soon as the news broke.

"Flagstaff?" He thought now that he must be awful of that, more than anything. His flagships were quoted here? But so what? He lived here, even though he had just returned from having been away three weeks. Could a detective tell a fresh paint from an old one?

He saw his car keys, hanging on the run. He carried it out with his hat. A different breed from Mar's? Would that be much of an unassuming clue? He picked up the mashed hat, dropped it in his pocket.

In a moment Mar was out of the studio. His door had a spring lock, locking it on the inside when he closed it. He had left nothing of his in the studio. His hat and suitcase were out here in the hall. All his other things that he had had on the trip were still outside in his car.

At the hall telephone he walked on instinct, telling himself that he must sound shocked, breathless, maybe a little smothered. Then he called the local police with the news that he had just arrived home and found his cousin, John Korn—murdered.

Mar felt satisfied that he had done everything to cover his guilt. The police would be at the cottage in a

few minutes and it seemed that nothing remained to be done. He took a newspaper, blew a man filling up time waiting for her girl-friend. He went to the garage, bought his car round to the front, and was still driving it when they arrived. It looked as if they had brought the whole force. A murmur in the village was something new.

"I saw that there was a light in his studio, Sergeant!" Mar was saying excitedly. "The door was locked. I pounded. Then I went around to the window—it was closed and locked. He never did like fresh air. I know well what you are now. Then all I could think of to do was phone you."

Policeman Sergeant Foley, as far, was in charge. He had arrived promptly with half a dozen of his men. He was a small, wiry fellow, dynamic, energetic, and he seemed to know his stuff.

Mar was quite calm inside, calm and coolly confident. Sergeant Foley seemed friendly enough. Curt, rather of fact, but he needed agreement, dissolving nothing that Mar said. Other officials were coming. Foley had phoned for his superior, and for the county medical examiner. Foley's men were in the studio now; a forensics expert was doing his stuff. Mar checked inside. Much used that would be there.

Now Foley was out in the hall again talking to Mar. "Killer, seems, was a man," Foley was saying. "No woman could have strangled him like that."

"So, I suppose not," Mar agreed. "Maybe you'll find her fingerprints," Mar said. He nodded, pointing on his forehead. "Reading about fingerprints always fascinated me, Sergeant. I haven't been in that room for three weeks, but I suppose you'll find mine is there. And Korn's, of course. And we have a cleaning woman."

"The thing evidently started by the killer hitting him," Foley said. "Dare I soundly blow—it broke his spec-



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inches. But his cheek under the eye."

The Sergeant's gaze seemed to be upon Muir's hand, his right hand as he pulled her cigarette. He was looking to see if Muir's knuckles were brawled but they weren't. Again Muir chattered to himself. No danger of him being trapped by anything like that.

Then suddenly Foley seemed startled. He didn't say anything. He just stared with a little sucking intake of his breath and a narrowing of his eyes. Muir held his gaze firmly level. He murmured,

"What is it, Sergeant? You thought of something? That's interesting. If I can be of any help—"

"You?" Foley snarled. "Interesting? Damned if it isn't!" Instead of explaining, he turned abruptly away. He called, "Hey, Pete." He strides into the studio, passes the little fingerprint case. Then whispered. Several men gathered around

Out in the hall by the open door, Muir stood frozen, trying to listen. What was that? Foley had thought of something, and now they were all talking about it. But what? Muir could only hear fragments.

"... working on that sketch, that based them on the case." That was the sergeant's voice.

"... man's arm," one of the policemen said.

"He was working on it all night," Foley, the fingerprint man, said. "Just before he got involved, in the fight started. You can still see—"

Foley said something and Pete answered, "Sure, that would be his right thumb—size could, he seemed—little line of scar tissue in addition to—"

Horrified, agonistic fragments. To Muir it was a sort of sudden terror. He tried to tell himself that this didn't involve him.

... take it easy now. Hold firm. Don't let them bluff you. . . . He saw that all the men were shivering

glasses out the door at him. And now they were coming.

Muir stood there. His cigarette down to a butt, turned his fingers but he hardly noticed it.

Pete said, "Leave a look." And abruptly Sergeant Foley had reached, snatched off Muir's horn-rimmed spectacles. Muir gasped. "What is the devil?"

All in an instant, like a bolt coming out of a lead-lined sky. Pete examined the spectacles. He held his magnifying glass over them. He said, "Well, I'm damned! That's it, Sergeant! We got him!"

Get him? Muir was gasping something. He stood with the same whirling around him. A conclusion of horror with the sergeant's gaze upon Korn was working on a sketch in charcoal. His fingerprints were missigned—size, prints, anything he left. That was a pretty cowardly blow you hit him, snatching his glasses. I guess his first thought was to continue in the same way."

"I sure would," Pete said. "If a guy with glasses hit me like that, I'd sure—"

"And maybe it was Korn's last thought too," the sergeant cut in. "His revenge, to trap his murderer. Anyways, there it is. Take a look you rotten killer! Whether the spectacles you wouldn't notice it, especially under stress of excitement. But we plan enough, don't we?"

Muir's horrified mind swept back down there on the floor as he throttled the struggling little Korn . . . and Korn's table hands trembling.

Mute with hot terror, Muir numbly stared at his spectacles as the Sergeant held them to the hell light—stared at the giant Korn had left, etched with charcoal so dimly on the little oval of bone!

His mind swept back to the present. The sergeant was looking smug with himself on the subject of his smart

job of detecting. Muir wondered if he could rely on this temporary distraction to effect an escape. He was close to the door, and, if he remembered rightly, the key was on the other side.

It might be better to stall for a bit.

"That was pretty clever of you, Sergeant. A brilliant deduction—enough to get you a promotion, provided of course you were correct. It is unfortunate for you that you are not quite correct."

The Sergeant was rattled. "You can't deny you killed Korn," he insisted. "This evidence clearly marks you the killer!"

"I'll grant you that, Sergeant. It would be useless for me to deny it. But did you ever hear of self-defense, Sergeant? If I had not killed my cousin he would have killed me. I was struggling for my own protection when he knocked off my glasses and got on them the moment you fled so daringly to my innocence. I became overwrought without my glasses, and the killing was more or less an accident. I had only meant to hold him off."

Muir had been edging closer to the entrance. Now he saw there was no time left.

"Oh, no, you're not arresting me," he exploded, and in a bound had leapt to the door and closed it behind him—before Foley had even had realized what he was about.

As he turned the key in the lock he complimented himself that, so far, luck was on his side. He knew that Sergeant Foley could be relied upon to act very quickly, but, meantime, he was one step ahead of the law.

Racing out of the house, he leaped into his car, kicked the motor into life and trudged hard on the accelerator, and by the time the police had managed to make an exit through the window, he was back on the wooded road, driving at high speed.

It was a massacre about the phrase. He could see lights in the rear—visas now, but neither the distance nor, dark shapes were flying past.

There was no obstruction on the road and he did not see that. The little car turned over three times, and then hit a tree.

The police car drew up to the wreck, and Sergeant Foley commanded the body.

"He's dead, Pete. I guess you might say he got his just desserts, but I'm disappointed. I was kinda looking forward to the trial."

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Talking Points

• COVER GIRL: Posse like that did not win for Diana Dors the part of Charlotte in "Oliver Twist." Bloopie blue-eyed and seventeen, Diana—who has been hailed as one of Britain's most promising young stars—deserves recognition far beyond her. She studied at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art from the age of 14, and the performance which gained her the academy's bronze medal also gave her her first film role—a sporty girl friend in "The Shop at Sly Corner" and Diana has acted four films more than As a Eighty, Daisy Moore who comes home in the Haigert house—she has the most important role of her career in "More Came the Haggard," first of the Goldsborough series. Judging from our cover study, she'll be causing plenty of havoc elsewhere.

• CLUNE IN BROOMES: Frank Clune seems to know where to find the best stories, and his trip to Broome was not disappointing. Where else would you find a doorstop worth \$250, or a skull rolling about in a drugstore, when what you are looking for is a fortune in pearls? The fortune is there too—\$2000 for one pearl. Frank got a good deal of his material from New South Welshman, Ted Norman, who is a big name in the industry over there.

• TAHITIAN EPISODE: A son of Queen Victoria visited the island of Tahiti in 1859. There was pomp and ceremony, champagne and inspection, but the Duke missed the

"essentials" Down the place which consisted of intrigue, murder and slavery. Cedric Murphy covers the colorful period in his article, "White King of Tahiti," Page 49.

• SUICIDE: If you've still trying to wrangle your tax return, or you with has gone off with your best friend you're probably finding a bit tired of life. Mavis J. Flanning has gone to some trouble to tell us how several people have ended theirs, but if you're feeling too nervous to trust yourself to read her article, never just. It means the kind of person who plays around with the idea never does more than talk about it. So go ahead. The article is on page 8.

• MINNIE MAUBURES: They're tiny. They're pretty. But they've murdered! Kenneth Malyska, in the story "Vengeance Travels Slow," is the instrument of two murderers and serves the villain in holding together his otherwise theme of a crime perpetrated in a sleepy Australian town the day Hitler caught the world under a red spell, and caused a man to pigeons his revenge.

• REPERCUSSIONS: That's what you learn it when a mother-in-law so makes herself fit as not only to force a man out of his home but cause him to take on a new personality. Wilda Evans in Jimmy Ryals' fact story, "Joker With a Saw," did not become a forceful character, but he certainly became a character. The article adds up to one of the best arguments against too much mother-in-law.



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